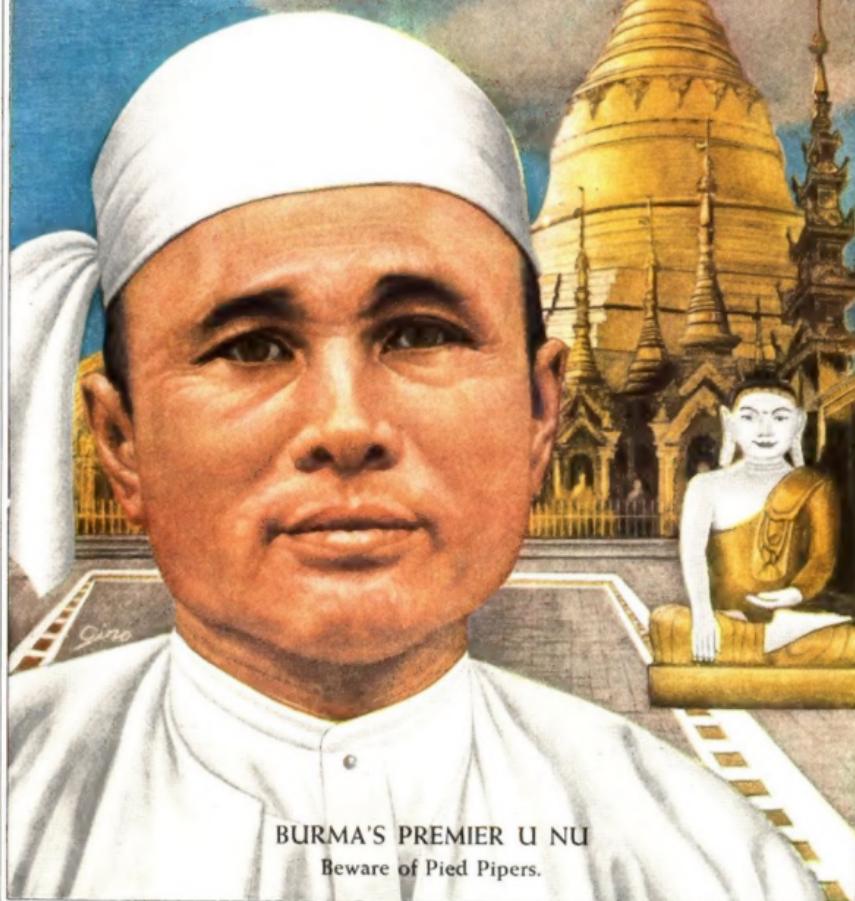


TWENTY CENTS

AUGUST 30, 1954

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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"ROCKET"

ENGINE

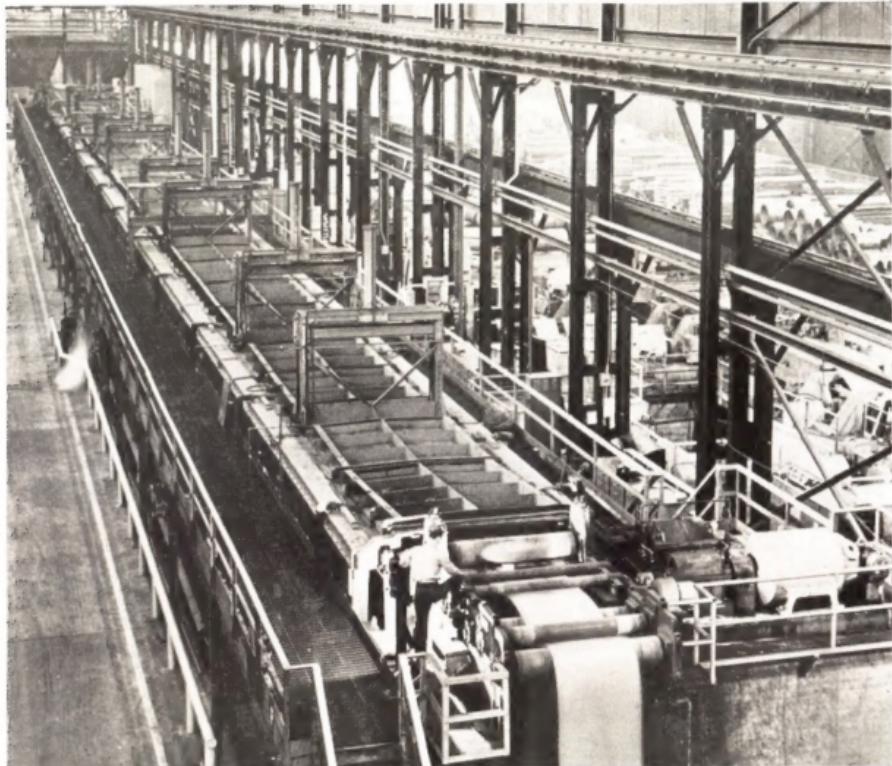


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LETTERS

Iron Curtain Churchmen

Sir:

I refer to the Aug. 2 article . . . dealing with my recent remarks in Congress on the subject of the Iron Curtain churchmen who are delegates to the Second Assembly of the World Council of Churches in Evanston, Ill. . . . My speech was given as an answer to the State Department press release, and not the reverse, as your article would seem to indicate . . . I have no fear of subversion from the Czechoslovak and Hungarian members [but] I question their ability to further resist the infiltration of the churches in their own lands even assuming [that] Communist control . . . is not already complete.

ALVIN M. BENTLEY

House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Low-Grade Schools

Sir:

Thanks to TIME for publishing French Author-Lecturer Pierre Emmanuel's observations on the trends of American education [Aug. 2]. He has voiced what perhaps many of us teachers are afraid to admit to the public . . . Let's face the fact that we are no longer educating in the much-needed liberal sense. In attempting to counteract this situation in my own classroom, I have been met by an almost overwhelming opposition. Even my high-school seniors feel that an injustice is being done them if exposed to broader ideas than those rigidly laid down in the textbook . . .

DONALD R. JEFFERY

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

After reading your description of Frenchman Emmanuel's opinion of American students, I must comment that the exact same criticisms can be made of the French. If they are such damn good history students, they should realize that fraternization and placation of the Communists will accomplish nothing . . . If ambivalent French politicians daily with the Reds any longer, and continue to block EDC, they will soon be aware of a new cultural heritage—Communist style. American students . . . can see the obvious.

ROBERT H. DUPORT

Durham, N.C.

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Joe: Phobe & Phile

Sir:

Your issue of Aug. 9 . . . gives us another bizarre facet of the McCarthy-Cohn combination in "One Enchanted Evening" . . . One is prone to ask if there can possibly be any sincerity in such a nauseating display of sentimentality?

LAWRIE TYRELL

Edmonton, Alberta

Sir:

Whether one is a Joe-phobe or a Joeophile, your story was most entertaining . . . Congratulations . . . from a Joeophobe.

ROBERT S. DUGGAN JR.

Atlanta, Ga.

Sir:

It . . . reached the bottom in smear technique.

JAMES F. KELLY

Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sir:

. . . As an embarrassed and humiliated Wisconsin Republican, I have news for the attending fanatics at the testimonial dinner for Ron Cohn: that was a McCarthy rally for the newborn "Joe-Bund." Everyone in attendance should be promptly investigated to see if he meets the strict requirements of the new party . . . If you don't have a strong stomach and an empty head, you may prove to be a bad risk . . .

HELEN W. ZIEGLER

West Bend, Wis.

Nourishing Drugs

Sir:

In a snappy footnote to "The Church & the Cactus" in your issue of Aug. 9, you inform your readers that in the last book [*The Doors of Perception*], I "prescribe mescaline, a derivative of peyote, for all mankind as an alternative to cocktails." Snappish, alas, is apt to be in inverse ratio to accuracy. In actual fact, I did not prescribe mescaline for all mankind. I merely suggested that it might be a good thing if psychologists, sociologists and pharmacologists were to get together and discuss the problem of a satisfactory drug for general consumption. Mescaline, I said, would not do. But a chemical possessing the merits of mescaline without its drawbacks would cer-

tainly be preferable to alcohol . . . Unfortunately, the gist of my argument was too long for a 25-word footnote. Moral: don't try to say in 25 words something which, in the nature of the case, cannot be said in less than 150.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

Hampstead, London

¶ Author Huxley should be the first to know that TIME must have a stop.—ED.

Languid Beauty

Sir:

Re your Aug. 16 cover and story concerning Italian Beauty Lollobrigida, Mangano, Loren et al.: I would like to call attention to a discrepancy . . . The photo of the languid, dark-haired creature above the name, Rossi-Drago is in fact Silvana Mangano, who is also posed prettily, but as a blonde, above her own name. Two Manganos are twice as good as one, but one Rossi-Drago is by no means to be ignored . . .

BURT HIRSCHFELD

Italian Films Export
New York City

¶ Bewildered by so much beauty, TIME's Picture Editor saw double. For a genuine Rossi-Drago, see cut.—ED.



Sahara in the Snow

Sir:

TIME's [Aug. 16] summary, "The New Tax Law," sums up this massive legislation superbly. My accountant tells me that the confusions, paradoxes and loopholes in the bill will keep lawyers and accountants dizzy and busy for many years to come. As for the average taxpayer, he could not make head or tail of the massive document. Outside the business community, few will benefit. Looking over the list of special categories, I am reminded of certain insurance policies where you collect if your right toe is shot off simultaneously with your left ear as you are riding over the Sahara Desert on a zebra in the middle of a snowstorm.

ALLEN KLEIN

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Diolch Yn Fawr

Sir:

Your delightful article on Wales [TIME, Aug. 2], portrayed by picturesquesque and representative scenes, will be hailed by the Welsh people everywhere. Too often has the country been misrepresented and its importance discounted. Even the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* dismisses Wales with a curt—"see England . . ."

(THE REV.) DAVID J. GRIFFITHS
Mansfield, Pa.

Sir:

. . . After seeing your photographs, they will see and know that Wales is not a country of prevailing coal fields, mine shafts and drab valleys.

HELEN FYNOG RICHARDS
Evanston, Ill.

Sir:

. . . Nobody in Great Britain considers Wales a province; it is a country, and part of the United Kingdom, just as England and Scotland are, and no one would refer to them

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D. A. ALTMAN

Los Angeles

Sir:

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DAVID M. DAVIES

Los Angeles

Men at War

Sir:

Did TIME [Aug. 2] find it necessary to push the point that William Faulkner in 1918 "did not get beyond flight training," but that he has written "about air combat, the danger and boredom of infantry combat, the deepest contemplations of generals, with a confidence that suggests he has experienced all of them simultaneously"? If superciliousness has become an end in itself, why not level a broadside at Stephen Crane? Crane wrote *The Red Badge of Courage* about the American Civil War—a war which took place before he was born. Considered one of America's first legitimate works of realism, it was also written before Crane experienced the Spanish-American War . . .

JAMES ROBERT CAIRNS

Beirut, Lebanon

Cure for Auto-Arteriosclerosis

Sir:

Your diagnosis on U.S. highways [July 26] is apt and clever, but the medication proposed reminds me of the patient who died under the successful operation. Why spend \$50 billion to build perishable highways when we do not begin to use to capacity the 270,000 miles of . . . the steel highway system of the nation's taxpaying railroads? If they were unshackled from their subsidized competition and their outmoded regulations (conceived in a monopoly long since expired), the heavy freight now cluttering up and beating up our perishable highways would go back to the railroads where it belongs, and your auto-arteriosclerosis would vanish almost overnight . . .

JOSEPH A. BULL

Baltimore

Oklahoma to Calif.

Sir:

. . . I deeply resent your publication [Aug. 6] of a letter from one Glenn Hoover of Oakland, Calif. This gentleman refers to Oklahoma as "that lowbrow-dominated commonwealth." For heaven's sake, Mr. Hoover, keep your own ideas of culture (bop music, pink trousers, ducktail haircuts, etc.—all those marks of true Californian culture and sophistication), but keep your mouth shut.

KENNETH E. DARNELL

Hampton, Va.

Sir:

. . . You might tell Mr. Hoover that as far as I am concerned, the aroma in California isn't all orange blossoms.

WANDA JONES

Fairfax, Okla.

Sir:

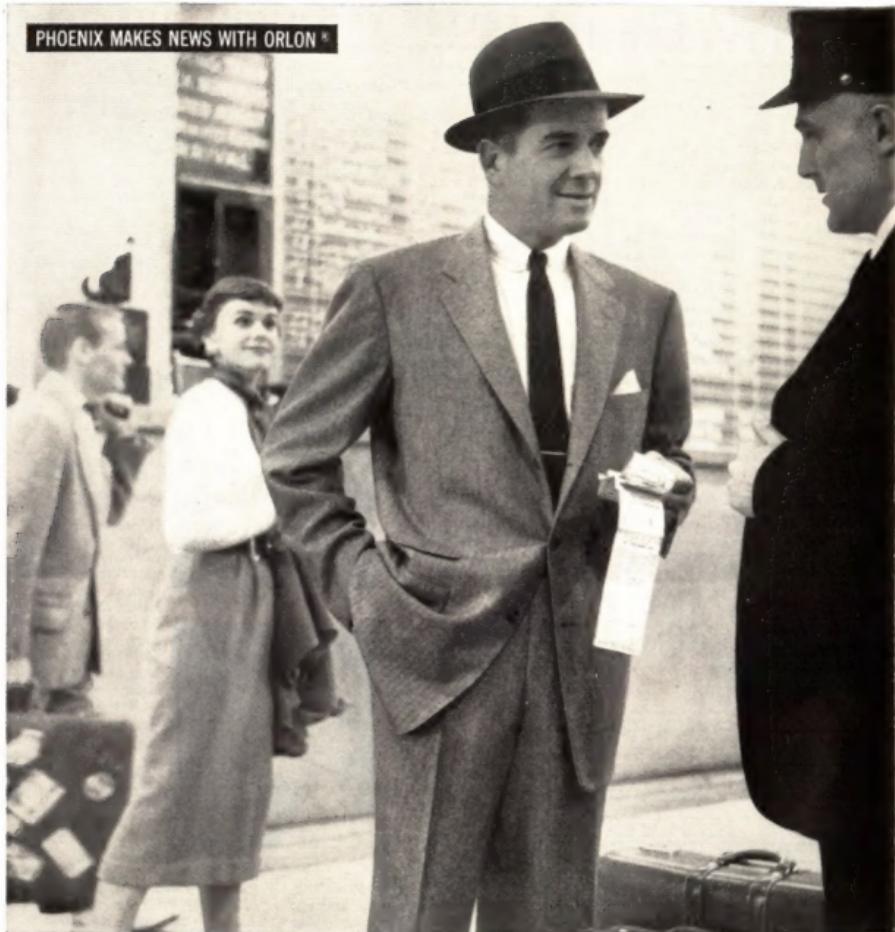
. . . It is just because of such attitudes of false superiority that we will snub California on our vacation trip to the West Coast, and shall spend our saved dimes in the states of Washington and Oregon . . .

LOIS FESSENDEN

Blackwell, Okla.

© Freely translated, "Thanks very much."

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION Under God

In speeches made on the same day last week to audiences some 20 miles apart, the heads of two branches of the U.S. Government, the President and the Chief Justice, dwelt on a fundamental series of relationships between God, order, freedom and peace.

The Power of Prayer. To the World Council of Churches Assembly at Evanston, Ill. (see RELIGION), President Eisenhower said: "Let me speak for a moment not as this nation's Chief Executive, whose days are largely devoted to the efforts of government to secure peace, but as a private citizen, a single member of one of the constituent bodies of this council of churches. But I must speak also, inescapably, as one who has seen at first hand the almost miraculous battlefield achievements of men bound together by mighty devotion to a worthy cause. A thousand experiences have convinced me . . . that common and fervent dedication to a noble purpose multiplies strength.

"It is true," said Eisenhower, "that in today's world of risks and alarms we must—and we will—remain strong [in] scientific, material and military means . . . But we know that there is no true and lasting cure for world tensions in guns and bombs. We know that only the spirit and mind of man, dedicated to justice and right, can in the long term enable us to live in the confident tranquility that should be every man's heritage . . . Today the campaign for a just and lasting peace desperately needs the lifting and transforming power that comes from men and women, the world over, responding to their highest allegiances and to their best motives.

"I believe that you . . . spiritual leaders of a great world organization, together with your brethren of other faiths, can lead the way. The goal should be nothing short of inviting every single person in every single country in the world who believes in the power of a Supreme Being to join in a mighty, simultaneous, intense act of faith . . . a personal prayer [for] a just and lasting peace. If this mass dedication launched an unending campaign for peace, supported by prayer, I am certain wondrous results would ensue. It would change things, because it would change men. [It would serve as] a reminder to each of us that the cause of peace needs God."

The Liberty to Know. Chief Justice Earl Warren spoke at the dedication of the American Bar Association's new American Bar Center in Chicago. Said he: "It is fitting that we have this dedicatory service in a house of God [i.e., the University of Chicago chapel]. Here we give notice to all that, in the world struggle between the forces of freedom and the godless totalitarian state, we rededicate ourselves to the principle that God's way

cooperation with other nations in learning "how we can apply to ever-changing conditions the never-changing principles of freedom." He said: "If we are to achieve a peaceful world, it will be accomplished through ideas rather than armaments, through a sense of justice and mutual friendship rather than with guns and bombs and guided missiles." He reminded the assembled lawyers that the American system was under hard scrutiny, and listed current defects of special concern to the bar: delays in litigation, violations of civil liberties, legal pettifogging and loose court procedures. He called for correction because "we are not like some, who are satisfied with their own lot to the point of complacency."

"[Maintaining] the American concept of freedom and justice for all . . . we dedicate ourselves to 'do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with God.'"



Walter Bennett

CHIEF JUSTICE WARREN
To join in a mighty act of faith.

is our way. It is [also fitting] that the site for our home [adjoins] one of the great universities of the world . . . a constant reminder to us [to] insist upon man's right to knowledge and the free use thereof, the right to explore at will, to disagree with, and even to dissent from, the opinions of the majority. As evidence of such a purpose, we have carved on one of [the walls of the Bar Center] this quotation from a great lover of freedom: 'Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe and to utter freely according to conscience above all other liberties.'"¹

Warren looked forward to American

¹ A version that dissents from the author's own wording. Said John Milton in his *Areopagitica* (1644): "Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties."

THE CONGRESS

To the People

Each year, as Congress winds up its work, West Virginia's Bible-quoting Senator Matthew Neely denounces what he calls "the scourge of senatorial verbosity." Last week aging Democrat Neely came out from behind the three-foot piles of *Congressional Records* on his Senate desk and reported that in 155 days this year, Congress had filled 21,484 pages with an estimated \$1,946,708 words at a printing cost of \$1,842,140. Ten Senators (unnamed) had supplied half the words.

Deviltry Halted. Despite the scourge, the 83rd Congress had an extraordinary record of accomplishment. More than a decade ago, domestic legislation had been laid aside when Dr. Win-the-War, as F.D.R. phrased it, replaced Dr. New Deal. After the war, Harry Truman adopted the tactic of asking Congress for what he knew it would refuse. He berated the 80th Congress (Republican) as "do-nothing." The 81st and 82nd Congresses (Democratic) also did little.

The 83rd was not distinguished by great debates nor marked by sharp party cleavage. But the Administration took Congress seriously, and Congress took itself seriously. It worked haltingly and messily—but very hard. When the session ended, it became plain that Eisenhower and his congressional leaders between them had halted and perhaps reversed the drift toward welfare-statism.

The last week was what could have



SPEAKER MARTIN ADJOURNING THE HOUSE
The Senate was still talking.

Associated Press

been expected from weary, uninspired, somewhat scared men. Tempers flared in the Senate one midnight when Majority Leader Knowland tried to postpone the final farm-bill vote, and when South Carolina's Olin Johnston tried to attach a civil-service pay raise to California's Santa Maria River project. But in the last minute helter-skelter, it was remarkable that the Communist outlaw bill (*see below*) was the only piece of political devility to be jammed into enactment.

Ring Out the Old. By week's end Congress had stamped its final seal of approval on a bale of bills. The main ones: flexible farm-parity prices, atomic energy, death penalty for peacetime espionage, social security, foreign aid, 5% Government salary raise, unemployment compensation, higher national debt limit, Commodity Credit Corporation borrowing authority, Foreign Service expansion, and the "Hiss" bill revoking pensions of Government workers convicted of felonies or using the Fifth Amendment.

To announce the session's last roll-call vote in the House, Speaker Martin pounded a shattering, bell-ringing gavel, and the House burst into roars of laughter. Then at 7:38 Friday evening, page boys who gathered around the Speaker's dais threw paper into the air as Martin rapped the House into adjournment until next January.

Meanwhile the Senate was still talking. Nevada's dour George Malone was in a huff because Colorado's Eugene Millikin had blocked his pet bill to extend the tax-free whisky-bonding period. So Malone resolved to block Millikin's pet Colorado Basin project, which was the Senate's pending business. He talked about neither reclamation nor whisky and he talked for four hours. ("What is he talking about?" asked a late-coming reporter of a press-gallery attendant. "I don't know; he hasn't said," replied the attendant.) Finally Mil-

likin threw in the towel, and at 10:51 the Senate adjourned and the Congress faced the people to give, by November, an account of its—and Eisenhower's—stewardship of the Republic.

Frivolity

With rare candor, officials of the U.S. Communist Party admitted last week that they had not yet figured out what, if anything, the Communist Control Act of 1954 would do to their party. This ignorance was the more understandable since the men who passed the act were quite as much in the dark.

The bill, some headline writers said, outlawed Reds. Others were of the opinion that it outlawed the Communist Par-

ty. There was some speculation about what "to outlaw" might mean. Did it mean, as some said, that the Communist Party and/or its members could not sign leases, have bank accounts or sue in court? This kind of outlawry, stripping away all legal protection, is a medieval notion, inconsistent with post-feudal legal concepts and beyond the constitutional power of Congress.

If the bill does not "outlaw" Communists in this sense, does it create a new crime—that of being a member of the Communist Party? The answer is no. Any explanation of the bill has to take off from the legal position of Communists prior to the bill's passage.

Scores of Communist leaders have been convicted under the Smith Act of 1940. To convict, the Government had to prove 1) that the accused willingly joined the Communist Party, 2) that he knew the party's practice and purpose, and 3) that the practice and purpose of the party were advocating and striving for the violent overthrow of the U.S. Government.

The bill passed last week makes Point 3 easier to prove in court and perhaps unnecessary to bring up. But the Government seldom has any trouble convincing juries of Point 3. Up to now, argument has turned around point 2; as Government prosecution reaches deeper into the party, the main issues may be on points 1 and 2. The new bill will not help the Justice Department in those areas. It will still be necessary to establish that the accused knew the illegal purpose of the organization he joined.

So what does last week's bill do to the Communists? Probably nothing. It was aimed not at them but at another group, the Republicans. The bill's sponsor, Minnesota's Senator Hubert Humphrey, was trying to deflect the Republican charge that Democrats are soft on Communism. In last week's congressional maneuvering the Republicans, caught sleeping, hastily said that they were for a less "drastic" measure, but in the adjournment rush they couldn't afford to oppose the bill as such. The Democrats, of course, were all for "outlawing."

When it came to a final vote, the Senate passed the bill 79 to 0 and the House 265 to 2. When Congress is that close to unanimity it is usually either declaring war or being frivolous. Last week it was not declaring war.

INVESTIGATIONS

Hung Jury

Fifteen times during the week, the Mundt Committee or various combinations of its seven members met in various offices and corners of the Capitol. Purpose: to seek agreement on what to report about the McCarthy-Army fracas. Early in the week, newsmen were "reliably informed" that the Mundt Committee had achieved what had seemed impossible: within a few days it would issue a nearly unanimous report knuckle-rapping all four principals, McCarthy, Cohn, Stevens and



DEMOCRAT HUMPHREY
The Republicans were sleeping.

Adams. The only dissent would come from Illinois' Everett Dirksen, who would drop tut-tutting footnotes in defense of his friend McCarthy.

Then this prospect faded. Whatever meeting of minds the Senators may have had became a collision. Four reports by four different Senators began to circulate from office to office. At week's end Michigan's Charles Potter enplaned for Europe and Chairman Mundt recognized the inevitable. He gave the factions of his hung jury nine days to submit separate verdicts. There would probably be at least five: one by each of the Republicans and one or more by the three Democrats. By the time these reports are in, the curtain will have gone up on Joe McCarthy's new trial before the Watkins Committee.

Speech Recalled

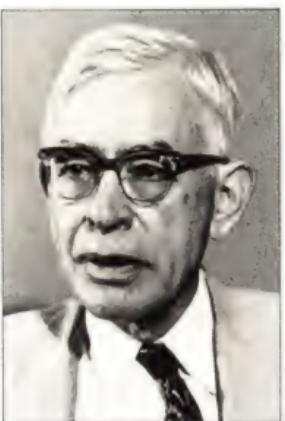
The words that Congressmen speak in debate are duly entered in that chrestomathy of ledger, then laid aside to gather dust and oblivion. But a fortnight ago, the words of a former Congressman were remembered, and they helped solve a problem for the Senate committee considering whether to censure Joseph R. McCarthy.

Committee Chairman Arthur Watkins had been unable to persuade any nationally prominent lawyer to serve as committee counsel. South Dakota's Senator Francis Case suggested that Watkins look for a former Congressman who would understand the committee system. Case had no one in mind, but he later recalled a five-minute speech he had heard while serving in the House in 1948. He could not even remember the speaker's name, only that he was a Pennsylvania Republican who had impressed both sides of the aisle during debate on Marshall Plan aid. Case broke out a directory of the 88th Congress and glanced over the Pennsylvania delegation until he came to the name he was looking for: E. Wallace Chadwick, Chester, Pa., corporation lawyer. Case then turned to the *Congressional Record* and found the speech, in which Chadwick had protested a proposed \$1.3 billion cut in foreign aid.

Chadwick had argued that the U.S. must sustain "the responsible people" of Western Europe "so that they, in turn, may carry with us this tremendous burden of democratic civilization which, without the integrity of that kind of people . . . is bound to fail." Said he: "It is the only plan that is offered short of a shooting war. I figure it has about a 50-50 chance to succeed, but that sounds like a sound speculation to me when the safety and security, even the very lives, of the people of the world are at stake." When Chadwick finished his speech, Massachusetts' Democrat John McCormack rose to call it "one of the most powerful speeches I have ever heard during my years as a member of this body."

Case suggested Chadwick to Watkins, who made a long-distance call to Chester. The Senator got nothing more than a reluctant maybe. But last week Chadwick,

a quiet, vigorous 70-year-old, went to Washington to talk to Watkins, and the two men liked each other. Chadwick, an enemy of the local G.O.P. machine, served only one term in Congress before being plowed under at the polls. His legal colleagues consider him a formidable opponent who hangs on like a bulldog in cross-examination. He has none of Ray Jenkins'



WALTER BENNETT
COUNSEL CHADWICK
Out of a dusty chrestomathy.

color, flamboyance or diffusiveness. He is scarcely as humorous as Joseph Nye Welch; on the other hand, Chadwick may be better able than Welch to cope with Washington rough-and-tumble. Said one fellow Chester lawyer: "I can't imagine McCarthy getting Chad so riled up that he'd break down and cry." This week Chadwick went to Washington to work for Watkins.

THE PRESIDENCY

Sawing Off a Limb

One day last week Springfield's Illinois State Fair drew the biggest crowd (225,000) in its history. The main attraction: the broad grin of Dwight Eisenhower, entirely surrounded by Republican politicians.

Nothing Personal. Ike flew to Springfield to help the G.O.P. ticket and, especially, Senatorial Candidate Joseph T. Meek, former lobbyist for the Illinois Federation of Retail Associations, disciple of the Chicago Tribune. There was nothing personal in Ike's help for Meek. The senatorial candidate was not at the airport to meet the President. At lunch in the governor's mansion, Meek was not seated at Ike's table. When the presidential motorcade left for the fairgrounds, Illinois' Governor William G. Stratton and Indiana's Governor George Craig rode with Ike. Meek rode with his family, six cars behind. On the rostrum, when Meek was

introduced, he bounded out of his chair, waved to the crowd and turned to shake hands with Ike. Startled, the President remained seated.

Stratton introduced Ike, and the applause was tumultuous. Speaking from notes printed in large block letters on pieces of cardboard, the President worked into a recital of the progress made since he took office with a Republican Congress. The Korean war had been ended. Said Ike: "Obviously, all of us know that the composition that was reached in Korea is not satisfactory to America, but it is far better than to continue the bloody, dreary sacrifice of lives with no possible strictly military victory in sight." At home, the President said, controls had been lifted, inflation avoided, a sensible farm program and other vital legislation enacted. Then the President came to the meat of his speech. While the Eisenhower program was being passed, he said, "there have been sitting on the sidelines . . . the prophets of gloom and doom."

Crooked Fence. Said he: "Some of them saw a great inflation . . . They have been proved wrong. Others then started preaching depression, depression." The President was reminded of Lincoln's story of "a farmer [who] built a fence that was so crooked that every time a pig bored a hole through it, he found himself on the same side from which he started. Now," said Ike, "these economic prophets of doom have been building up a lot of fences of what they called economic statistics. But . . . they built them so crookedly that every time they bored through them, they came out on the side of pessimism and depression . . . I think all of us are getting rather tired of crooked-fence economic policies." Not until the end of the speech did the President get around to Meek. Ike said he hoped it would not sound like a political speech "if I should suggest to you the possibility that it might be a good thing to increase the size of the delegation that you send from Lincoln's party to Washington."

Meek was satisfied. Ike had not used his name, but the President seldom does use a candidate's name. And if the President's endorsement had been less than warmhearted, the President's attack was aimed directly at a target Illinois voters could identify. Meek's opponent is Senator Paul Douglas, who last spring left his political shirt on a depression. Economist Douglas had gone up and down Illinois, asserting that hard times had arrived and were about to get much worse. Said an Eisenhower aide: "Douglas got himself out on a limb and we're sawing it off."

Dusting the sawdust off his hands, Ike flew back to Washington, picked up a lot of paper work, and with Mamie took off for Denver and semi-vacation. On the plane the President signed into law 41 acts of Congress in 40 minutes, then relaxed. At Denver he greeted his mother-in-law, Mrs. Elivera Doud, and said: "Well, we're back again, Min. Boy, am I delighted."

BUSY PRESIDENT'S BUSY WEEK



AT LINCOLN'S TOMB, during one-day visit to state fair at Springfield, Ill., he stands with Republican Governors Craig

of Indiana (left) and Stratton of Illinois after placing three-foot wreath of ferns and leaves at sarcophagus inside building.



IN CAP AND GOWN, on Northwestern University campus, he receives purple-and-yellow hood of honorary doctor of laws after addressing World Council of Churches delegates (see RELIGION).



IN MANHATTAN, to register with Mrs. Eisenhower as absentee voters for November elections, he laughs at "warning" to beware of unsmiling Democratic election official (right).



GREETING CROWD with familiar gesture, he leads the presidential motorcade into fairgrounds at

Springfield, where he delivered a major political address as feature of Governor's Day celebration.



WITH "IKE GIRL" in Washington, he helps to launch Eisenhower

Bandwagon on national tour to aid G.O.P. Congressional candidates.



DEMOCRATS

Boomerang

In a debate at the American Bar Association's Chicago convention last week, G.O.P. National Chairman Leonard Hall challenged his opposite number to cite an example of corruption in the Eisenhower Administration. Democratic Chairman Stephen Mitchell opened his mouth, and what came out was astounding.

Said Mitchell: "All right. Let's look at the Dixon-Yates scandal." He was referring to the plan by which the Atomic Energy Commission will purchase electric power from two Southern utility companies to reimburse the Tennessee Valley Authority for increased amounts of TVA power to be used by the AEC. In approving the contract, Ike overruled the AEC majority (TIME, June 28). Mitchell's charge: "It so happens that a director of one of the two companies favored in the syndicate is one of the President's closest friends—with a cottage next to President Eisenhower's at the Augusta golf course."

This meant Atlanta's famed Golfer Bobby Jones, who said: "I resent any implication that the President would be susceptible to such an influence, and I resent the implication that I would be foolish enough to try to bring such influence to bear." Jones, who, with his wife, owns \$18,000 worth of stock in the Southern Co. (whose chairman is Eugene Yates of the Dixon-Yates plan), said that he had not discussed the \$100 million Dixon-Yates plan with Ike and that "it would come as a surprise to me if he had ever known I was [a director of the Southern Co.]." The next day at his press conference, Dwight Eisenhower observed that he had expected political life to subject him to innuendo from many types of strange characters, but that he was astonished by Mitchell's attack on Bob Jones.

Mitchell's remarks denoted that he had no evidence to back his charge, and he offered none later. In Atlanta, where Bob Jones' reputation for personal integrity is even higher than his fame as a golfer, people watched Jones limp from car to office on a cane (he is crippled from a spinal injury), and wondered out loud why Stephen Mitchell was chairman of the party to which they and their grandfathers belonged.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

New Drift?

The engines that might be driving U.S. foreign policy are silent. Nevertheless, U.S. official attitudes seemed to be shifting last week. Perhaps they were turning on a current of news. And perhaps the news reflected realities to which U.S. policy had to conform to be effective.

Stalemate in Europe? The biggest and worst news concerned the parlous state of EDC. Whatever the Brussels Conference (see FOREIGN NEWS) or subsequent plastic surgery might salvage from the Mendès-France amendments, EDC's future was

highly limited. From its beginning, EDC had two aspects. The larger was a long step toward European unity. As such, it represented the positive side of U.S. policy, the hope for a more rational and orderly world. EDC's other aspect was more modest: a device for making German rearmament palatable to French politicians. This objective was part of the old containment strategy in the cold war.

The years of pretense that France had a free choice on the question of whether or not Germany should be rearmed came logically to a close with last June's U.S.-British announcement that Germany would be given sovereignty (and the right to rearm) whether France liked it or not. But even after that, Western policy for Europe continued to remain in abeyance, while EDC, in both its aspects, was left



United Press

ADMIRAL STUMP
Something better than containment.

half-dead and subject to further clawing in the bear pit of French politics.

The French are quite sure that an "agonizing reappraisal" by the U.S. will not result in the Americans' abandoning Europe. On the other hand, the virtual end of EDC leaves for Europe no vigorous forward step, no policy of the future, no high hope that can be immediately and practically furthered. Germany will (somehow) be rearmed; France will (perhaps) survive her economic and colonial troubles. The Communists will (possibly) not make spectacular gains. But all this is containment at best, and the Eisenhower Administration is committed to something better than containment.

How could this "something better" now be applied to Europe? The State Department had few if any answers. Asked if the U.S. would prefer Mendès-France's emasculated EDC to no EDC at all, a State Department official replied: "That is like offering us the choice between the guillotine and the electric chair."

In fact, the choices in Europe were not that frightening. But in terms of forward motion, they were not bright. Years of procrastination and U.S. containment had allowed European attitudes to congeal into wait-and-seism.

Opportunity in Asia? Meanwhile, Asia had not congealed. The political turbulence from Tokyo to the Red Sea represented grave peril to the U.S. It also represented opportunity.

Last week Washington, which did not know how to react to events in Europe, was busily reacting to events in the East. Most of what was said and done was within the limits of the old containment policy, but at least it was containment with a firmer tone. And here and there were flashes of another, newer kind of thinking.

A press-conference question about open Chinese Communist threats to "liberate" Formosa (TIME, Aug. 23) drew from President Eisenhower last week the slow-spoken comment that if the Reds tried to invade the Nationalist island, they would have to "run over" the U.S. Seventh Fleet.

Also, Admiral Felix Stump, U.S. Navy commander in chief in the Pacific, turned up in Taipei, having inspected the Nationalist fleet and Nationalist-held Tachen Island. Asked if the Seventh Fleet's role would be purely defensive, the admiral said: "No commander likes to sit back and wait. Sometimes you have to go out and start shooting."

In the same vein as Stump's statement was the U.S. order withdrawing four of the six divisions guarding the containment line in Korea. The U.S. could have reacted to the Indo-China debacle by freezing its strength in Korea. Instead, it now proceeded on the premise that what deters the Reds from further aggression is the general U.S. power of retaliation, not the policeman on a particular corner.

This more flexible approach does not mean that the U.S. in Asia has passed from the hopeless effort at on-the-spot containment to a positive policy of rolling back Communism. But at least it is drifting, if not driving, in that direction.

A Million Nays

The Gallup poll reports that 79% of the men and women interviewed in a nationwide survey were opposed to letting Red China into the U.N. Only 8% are in favor and the rest have "no opinion." In 1950, on the eve of the Korean war, only 58% were opposed and 11% in favor.

The intensity of U.S. opposition to seating Red China is indicated in another statistic. The "Committee for One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations," which came into existence less than a year ago (TIME, Oct. 19), has now passed its goal of getting 1,000,000 signatures on anti-admission petitions addressed to the President of the U.S. The signatures sweep across a broad range of opinion.

Among the signers: liberal Democratic Senator Paul Douglas and conservative Republican Senator John Bricker, A.F.L. President George Meany and former U.S.



United Press

GEORGE C. MARSHALL
Like 79% of Americans.

Steel Chairman Irving Olds, ex-President Herbert Hoover, ex-U.N. Delegate Warren Austin, Novelist John Dos Passos, Poet Conrad Aiken. Also among the signers: General George C. Marshall, who, between tours as Army Chief of Staff and Secretary of State, spent a year in China half-persuading the Nationalists to lie down like lambs with the conquering Communists.

The Logistics of Mercy

Melting Himalayan snow and driving monsoon rains began the damage. The swollen Brahmaputra and Ganges Rivers spilled over one-third of East Pakistan, washing nearly 10 million people from their homes and destroying so many crops that famine seemed unavoidable and epidemics imminent. As Pakistan sent up distress signals last week, the U.S. responded as rapidly as it would to a cry for help from flooded Iowa. Within a few hours after President Eisenhower ordered U.S. Government agencies into action:

¶ Dr. Alexander Langmuir, chief epidemic-fighter for the U.S. Public Health Service, and five assistants left Washington for East Pakistan's capital of Dacca.

¶ Huge C-124 Globemasters with tons of medicines, food and clothing (one ton of sulfa drugs, 10,000 hypodermic needles, 42 tons of woolen blankets) took off for Pakistan from U.S. Air Force bases in Japan, West Germany and the U.S.

¶ Units of the Eighth Army's 37th Preventive Medicine Group left Korea to supply skilled manpower in flood areas.

¶ The U.S. Army rustled up 250,000 lbs. of powdered milk in Japan.

¶ The American Red Cross contributed \$50,000 to buy blankets and drugs.

From three continents, the U.S. airplanes converged on an inundated area twice the size of Vermont. Grateful Pakistanis called it "Operation Mercy."

¶ About to leave for Oslo last year to receive the Nobel Peace Prize.

A Place to Worship

Peasant-born Stayka Petrovich worked as a domestic in Belgrade until 1950, when she was sent to New York as a servant for Yugoslav officials. A devout woman, Stayka always went to church in Belgrade despite official disapproval. In New York, she was specifically forbidden to attend church or befriend Serb-speaking Americans. After 18 wretched months she found Manhattan's Serbian Orthodox Cathedral of St. Sava, began to attend services regularly despite her orders. "I am so happy," she told the dean, Father Doushan Shoukletovich, "that I have found my church, for which I have been longing." Soon, her church-going discovered, she was sent to the Yugoslav consulate to pick up her traveling papers.

Convinced that trouble awaited her in Yugoslavia, she went to the cathedral instead. With the priest's help, she found work and refuge in a New Jersey sanitarium run by anti-Communist refugees. As an alien, however, she was technically subject to deportation. Last year the summons to Ellis Island came. Father Doushan appealed to New Jersey's Senator Robert Hendrickson, who introduced a relief bill in the U.S. Senate. Before leaving for Colorado last week, President Eisenhower signed a bill to grant 48-year-old Stayka Petrovich asylum in the U.S.—and the right to worship in peace for the rest of her life.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Hoover for Smith

The job of Under Secretary of State is officially defined as "principal assistant of the Secretary of State in the discharge of his various functions, aiding in formulation and execution of the foreign policies of the Government . . . In matters which do not require the personal attention of the Secretary of State, he acts for the Secretary of State, and in the absence of the Secretary of State, he becomes the acting Secretary of State." If the Secretary does not happen to care for administrative work, as John Foster Dulles does not, the Under Secretary becomes virtually the administrative head of the foreign department.

Administration is duck soup for the incumbent Under Secretary, able, prickly W. Bedell Smith, Eisenhower's wartime Chief of Staff and postwar head of the Central Intelligence Agency. But Smith is leaving Government work because 1) he is not in good health (ulcers), and 2) he wants to make some money (as executive vice president of American Machine & Foundry Co.). To succeed Smith, President Eisenhower last week appointed Herbert Hoover Jr., 51, son of the Republican ex-President. Hoover Jr. is a tall, unassuming engineer with diplomatic talents who carried off the oil settlement in Iran (TIME, Aug. 16). In the last hours of the 83rd Congress, the Senate confirmed Hoover's appointment without debate or

dissent. He will take over his new job in October.

Percentage Figuring. A year ago, Herbert Hoover Jr. was as little known to the public eye as his father had been, say, in 1914. He was basking on a California beach last September, reading a newspaper account of the deadlock in Iran and feeling pleased that he was not mixed up in it, when Secretary Dulles called him on the phone from Washington. Would Hoover go to Iran, as a State Department special adviser, and see if he could bring the obdurate British and the stubborn Iranians together? Hoover would. He now assesses the job (with shrewd help from Ambassador Loy Henderson in Teheran) as 10% engineering, 15% negotiation, 75% ministering to emotional fevers. Old hands at the State Department appraise it as the finest one-man job since Dulles negotiated the Japanese peace treaty.

Hoover Jr. was born in London in 1903. One of his earliest memories is of riding into an Australian town with his father on a wagon loaded with freshly mined gold. He graduated from his father's university, Stanford, in 1925, and from Harvard's School of Business Administration, became an oil-exploration engineer, worked for the governments of Iran, Peru, Venezuela, Chile, Brazil. He founded the United Geophysical Co. in Pasadena and stayed on as president after it was bought out by Union Oil of California. He was also an airline engineer (with Western Air Express, a forerunner of the present T.W.A.). He is now a director of four or five companies. Although he is, not surprisingly, a Republican, he has taken no active part in politics, has favored no particular faction of the G.O.P.

Quiet Man. The year he graduated from Stanford, Hoover Jr. married; he now has three children, six grandchildren. His hobbies are fishing and radio; he was



United Press

UNDER SECRETARY HOOVER
A lot like his father.

a radio "ham" at twelve, still has a license to operate W6ZH at Pasadena. Between 1930 and 1932 he was bedded with tuberculosis. He is a genial but diffident man who takes an occasional drink but has no bent for social doings; he is a conservative dresser and round-the-clock worker (8 a.m. to 8 p.m. or later). He has no discernible trace of political ambition. A friend recently described Hoover Jr. as "a lot like his father. Doesn't tell many stories or anything like that. And what he does tell are true ones."

RACES

To the White House

Chicago Lawyer J. Ernest Wilkins, son of a Missouri Baptist preacher, is the only Negro ever to attain the title of assistant secretary in the Federal Government. He attained it last March, when President Eisenhower appointed him Assistant Secretary of Labor for International Affairs. Last week, with Secretary James Mitchell and Under Secretary Arthur Larson out of town on speechmaking trips, brainy Ernest Wilkins, 36, became the first Negro ever to attend a White House Cabinet meeting as the representative of a department.

To Rome

In Italy, as elsewhere in Europe, two of the standard Communist-propaganda charges against the U.S. are that 1) Americans are materialistic and cultureless, 2) the Negroes are downtrodden. Last week the U.S. Information Agency fended off two stones with one appointment by naming Frank M. (for Martin) Snowden Jr., 43, professor of classics at Washington's Howard University, as cultural attaché in the U.S. embassy in Rome. Snowden is a Negro, and he is far from cultureless. He holds A.B., A.M. and Ph.D. degrees in classics from Harvard. As an undergraduate (class of '32), he won a classics prize with an essay written in Greek and signed "Plato." Says Snowden, chuckling: "If you look in the Harvard Library index under Plato, you find one card that says, 'See Snowden.' He reads Latin, Greek, German, French and Italian, and has written learned essays on slavery in ancient Pompeii and the role of Ethiopians in Roman history.

Born in Virginia and reared in Boston, Snowden knows Italy well. He studied there in 1938 as a Rosenwald fellow, and in 1949-50 as a Fulbright scholar. In 1953, as a lecturer for the State Department's International Information Administration, he told Italian audiences, in fluent Italian, about the improving lot of the Negroes in the U.S. From Rome, Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce notified Washington that Snowden's tour of Italy was "a very great success" and subsequently recommended him for the attaché post. Remarked an Italian newspaperman last week: "This is the only kind of propaganda that does you Americans any good. It is worth more than 10,000 pamphlets and press releases."

ORGANIZATIONS

Victory Through Air Mail

It is customary for the attorneys general of the 48 states to invite the Attorney General of the U.S. to speak at their yearly meeting. But Georgia's Attorney General Eugene Cook, this year's president of the National Association of Attorneys General, announced last June that he was not going to invite Herbert Brownell next December. According to Cook, Attorney

CRIME

Forty Seconds of Fury

On July 4 at 5:50 a.m.—the exact time may be important—Mayor J. Spencer Houk of Bay Village, a suburb of Cleveland, was awakened by a phone call from his friend, Dr. Samuel Sheppard: "For God's sake, Spence, get over here quick. I think they've killed Marilyn." In seven minutes Houk reached Sheppard's house. The young doctor was shaken and bloody. His wife, Marilyn, 31, four months pregnant, was dead. Last week Dr. Sheppard was indicted for the murder. "I am not guilty," he insisted. "How could I commit such a terrible and revolting crime?"

Strange Holiday. Sam and Marilyn Sheppard were school sweethearts until he went to Indiana and later to Los Angeles to study osteopathic medicine. She attended Skidmore College for two years, wrote him tearstained, loving letters: "Life seems impossible without you." He replied: "I will never be happy until I see you again." In 1945 they were married. In 1951 Sheppard began to practice with his father and two brothers, all osteopaths, at the family's 200-bed Bay View Hospital.

Sam and Marilyn had a good life. They bought a tree-shaded house on Lake Erie for \$31,500 and paid off the mortgage in 2½ years. He had a jeep, a Jaguar and a Lincoln Continental; shared an aluminum boat with Mayor Houk. Marilyn taught basketball to schoolgirls and taught Sunday school at the Methodist church. The busy, popular couple liked bowling, golf, fishing, water skiing and sports-car races. They had one son, Little Sam, or Chip, now nearing seven.

On July 3, after a picnic, they had neighbors in to dinner. Later Sheppard put a corduroy jacket over his T shirt and fell asleep on a studio couch. The others watched a TV movie, *Strange Holiday*. After midnight Marilyn began yawning, and the neighbors went home.

Suspect No. 1. At dawn on July 4 Marilyn's bedroom was red with blood. Her pajamas had been pulled open and her hands had been bruised.

Sheppard told a dazed, disconnected story. Asleep on the couch, he had heard or sensed a cry from Marilyn. He ran upstairs to the bedroom and was "clubbed" by a blow on the head from behind. He recovered, chased a man, whom he described as burly and bushy-haired, to the lake. "It was like catching up with a steamroller," he said later. He said that he was knocked out again, revived and staggered indoors to telephone.

Cleveland detectives noted that the intruder, if any, had left no fingerprints. Chip was not awakened and Koko, the Irish setter, was not heard to bark.* A police time-motion study calculated that Sheppard could have run upstairs in six



Bon Motto—Barb Stan
ATTORNEY GENERAL EASTVOLD
He boycotted a boycott.

General Brownell had offended a lot of state attorneys general, notably:

¶ The Southerners, by filing an anti-segregation brief with the U.S. Supreme Court, which would make him "objectionable" to the conference host, the attorney general of Mississippi.

¶ The Taft Republicans, by too vigorously backing Eisenhower at the 1952 convention.

¶ The Democrats, by harshly throwing the Harry Dexter White case in Harry Truman's face.

Washington State's Attorney General Don Eastvold, who was conspicuous on TV screens in July 1952 as the "young man with a book" among the Eisenhower speakers at the Republican National Convention, came to Brownell's defense. He wrote air-mail letters to all the other state attorneys general urging a boycott of the meeting if Brownell was not invited. Twenty-four attorneys general replied to Eastvold, most of them backing his position.

Last week Eugene Cook conceded defeat. The association's ten-member executive committee voted to switch the December conference from Mississippi to Phoenix, Ariz. Cook said that he would "cheerfully submit" if the executive committee decided to invite Brownell.

* In *Silver Blaze*, Sherlock Holmes remarked upon the curious incident of the dog in the night-time." But, said a Scotland Yard inspector, "the dog did nothing in the night-time." "That was the curious incident," replied Sherlock Holmes.

seconds, and it would have required 40 seconds to strike the 27 blows that had been inflicted on Marilyn's skull. Moreover, Cleveland detectives figured that Marilyn died between 3:10 and 4 a.m. Sheppard phoned to Houk some two hours later. In the meantime, tests disclosed, a trail of blood leading from the bedroom to a basement sink had been wiped away.

"You," a detective told Sheppard, "are Suspect No. 1."

Only Love. Mayor Houk, an old friend, did not order an arrest. "I figured," he said later, "that Sam couldn't have done it." Sheppard's osteopath brothers hospitalized him, saying that his neck was broken in the struggle with the intruder. Checkups disclosed a black eye, mouth cuts and a possible spinal injury, but no broken neck. In subsequent appearances, Sheppard wore a leather collar. He refused to take truth-serum or lie-detector tests, but offered a \$10,000 reward. "Marilyn, my wife," he said, "was the only woman I ever loved."

Then a laboratory technician named Susan Hayes, who had worked at the hospital, admitted having an affair with Sheppard in Southern California last March. Some other women reported affairs or flirtations with Dr. Sam. Trouble between Marilyn and Sam was hinted in family letters dating back to 1950. "Remember," said a letter writer trying to console Marilyn, "men are little boys who hate to grow up."

Short Liberty. "Somebody is getting away with murder," headlined the Scripps-Howard Cleveland Press, which demanded that police give Sheppard the third degree. On July 30 Sheppard was arrested, questioned in relays by twelve detectives. In his cell, he took to reading a Bible, switched to sports-car magazines, then history books, and back to the Bible. After five days the questioners gave up.

Last week Sheppard was released on \$50,000 bail. Carrying a gold-framed photograph of Marilyn, he went to his father's



N.Y. Daily News from Gilligan
GANG LEADER KOSLOW
What grew in Brooklyn?

house. He was there the next night, eating his favorite dessert, cherry pie, when the grand jury indicted him and police came to arrest him again. He took some oranges and bananas back to jail.

By now the Sheppard case has become a Cleveland classic. Thousands of tourists crowd around his lake-front house, roped off by police. Thousands of arguments revolve around the trial, due in the fall. "You know," Sheppard said last week, "a guilty man would not go through what I have gone through without breaking."

Senseless

U.S. crime reporters usually have clichés to explain everything—or almost everything.

On a muggy night last week, two detectives walked out of their precinct station

across from Louis Sobel Park in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. One of the plainclothesmen had worked the district for 31 years. He remembered when it was a "real swell" neighborhood. Now it is seedy. Not a slum, not by any definition the worst part of New York, but a down-at-heels place where respectable people, said the policeman, are not safe outdoors at night.

One of the cases on which the police were working was that of an old derelict who had been beaten up by two boys. One of the boys had red hair. The detectives' patrol was interrupted by two vagrants who ran out of the "park" (actually a paved space with benches) to say that some boys were molesting them. "Has one of them got red hair?" asked one of the cops. "Yes," they said. The police ran into the park, arrested two teen-agers; later, two others were picked up.

The four boys, aged 18, 17, 16 and 15, confessed that in a space of 16 days they had:

- ¶ Beaten an old man to death.
- ¶ Beaten several other old men.
- ¶ Horsewhipped two teen-age girls.
- ¶ Tied gasoline-soaked cotton around a man's legs and set them afire.
- ¶ Dragged another man seven blocks and dumped him in the East River, where he drowned.

Poverty? None of the victims were robbed. Neglect? All of the boys came from good homes: they belonged to the old, respected element. Ignorance? All had good school records. Organized crime? None belonged to hoodlum gangs which are the farm clubs of the New York underworld. Three of the four had been summer camp counselors: they liked athletics, played handball, swam at neighborhood pools, liked books and music.

As authorities prepared first-degree murder charges, the four youths were arraigned in court. The leader, Jack Koslow, 18, screamed "Mama! Mama!" But that didn't explain it, either.



SUSAN HAYES



DR. SAMUEL SHEPPARD
Somebody was getting away with murder.



MARILYN SHEPPARD

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

NEGOTIATE WITH RUSSIA; NEVER USE THE H-BOMB

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT states her foreign policy.

I AM troubled, as are so many other people, by statements made in various responsible quarters which indicate that there is a growing feeling among United States officials that negotiation with the Communists is impossible and that, perhaps, the inevitable end to our present concentration on atomic military power is the use of these atomic weapons. I think I must say that, for me, the H-bomb has always been something no nation could ever use because the destruction created in any country, which would include the killing of hundreds of thousands of innocent people, would be too revolting to the human conscience.

I would not, therefore, cut down completely on other modern weapons which could be used in localized wars because, human nature being what it is, it will take a long time for people who have always turned to force to learn the ways of reason and peace. But in the United Nations we have the machinery for helping people in every corner of the globe to become educated.

I think we should turn to the question of how to accomplish our ends through methods which we can countenance, and which are not methods of force. I believe we are in a rut. We seem to have neglected the arts of diplomacy and negotiation. Let's concentrate less on atomic power. Keep it in the background. Let's not allow our ordinary military power to go down, but let's concentrate as we have never concentrated before on the ways by which we can regain the friendship of statesmen and people who have been drifting away from us. And let's negotiate with the Communists, with the assurance that we have more strength both economically and spiritually than they have, and more to offer to the peoples of the world.

KREMLIN SOON READY FOR ALL-OUT ATTACK

AIR FORCE ASSOCIATION, in a formal resolution signed by Generals Jimmy Doolittle, Ira Eaker and Carl Spaatz, among others, says the U.S. should think of A-bombs as conventional weapons and be ready to use them any time.

THE Free World is fast approaching a time of total danger, when it is possible to destroy a nation's capacity and will to retaliate. Only our ability and our announced willingness to take decisive action during the present period might still resolve the issue between

world freedom and world slavery. Soon the Kremlin will be militarily ready to launch a large-scale surprise assault on the United States. Our current strength in air power and nuclear weapons, thus far the major deterrent to all-out war, has not been exploited in our reaction to continued local aggression.

We believe that our people and the peoples of the Free World are confused as to how our government plans to use air power for peace. We believe it likely that the Soviets have no clearer understanding of our policy and not understanding it, are therefore unlikely to be deterred by it. We believe that our national policy must clearly define nuclear weapons as legitimate and conventional instruments for resisting aggression, or the Free World's temporary advantage in weapons technology will be seriously compromised.

SOME "LIBERALS" PROVE WORSE THAN McCARTHY

NEW YORK POST, most partisan Fair-Deal paper in the East, says the Democratic maneuver on the antisubversion bill was "a retreat without honor."

IN a more rational time the revised [antisubversion] bill would be generally recognized as a monstrosity. But at least it avoids the Humphrey-Morse provision which would have set the stage for mass political roundups on a scale heretofore identified with Communist and Fascist states. For this comparative moderation the country is therefore indebted to such men as McCarthy and McCarran, who went along with Eisenhower in opposing the move to make mere membership in a Communist-action group a criminal offense.

What happened was an almost total failure of nerve among men who had heretofore resisted the know-nothing crusade. In the end it was impossible to tell the players without a scorecard: Senate liberals, headed by Humphrey, were leading the demagogic pack, trying to prove they had less respect for civil liberties than McCarthy himself.

What is most tragic about the literal surrender is that it occurred at a moment when know-nothingism was in retreat. Joe McCarthy had lost great ground in recent months. This could have been an autumn in which democratic liberalism reasserted its strength and self-confidence at the polls. That issue has been hopelessly muddled by men who used to proclaim their devotion to freedom. They have now won the right to boast in a public place that they engineered a more extreme, ill-considered and repressive statute than Joe McCarthy ever proposed.

FOR FREE TRADE BUT NOT EAST-WEST TRADE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, whose editorials consistently support free world trade, draws an important line.

M R. Attlee's Peking visit is providing new propaganda opportunities for world Communism. One concerns East-West trade, toasted at [the] ceremonial dinner to the British Labor delegation. It has wide appeal in Britain and Western Europe. There is a fundamental difference of approach to trade, however, between totalitarian states and democracies. Totalitarian regimes subordinate trade to political ends. A recent illustration [is] the manner in which the Chinese Communist regime has dealt with British firms in China.

The Communists made business virtually impossible for these firms. Peking channeled orders through Communist trade agents direct to Britain. It included demands for strategic goods, the sale of which would cause Anglo-American friction. Obviously it isn't just trade the Communists want, but trade on their own political terms and for political purposes.

NEITHER PARTY SURE OF NOVEMBER ELECTIONS

DORIS FLEESON, Fair-Deal columnist whose pipelines into the Republican party are surpassed only by her Democratic sources, finds "election jitters" in both camps, despite brave public talk.

NEITHER Republicans nor Democrats are deeply confident that they will win the mid-term elections. It is said—on both sides—that for the first time in years the President will not be an issue, nor will a war, nor will some striking innovation in domestic policy. It is not surprising that Democrats talk in this vein. They want it to be so. The real surprise is that the Republicans are not more confident. Most of the big guns are on their side. On the basis of the political balance sheet the Republicans should be enormously cheerful. With a few exceptions, they aren't.

Their assets are obvious: a popular President; most of the money, most of the newspapers, tax cuts and above all, no war and no depression. [The Democrats] are still on the defensive on the Communists-in-government issue, despite Senator McCarthy's slippage. [But] the Democrats have some advantages. They have better candidates on the whole and a strong bloc of junior Senators. Their human qualities win them friends among "working stiffs" everywhere that many Republicans find hard to attract. They think the drop in farm prices will also help them.

FOREIGN NEWS

WESTERN EUROPE

Deathbed of EDC

Death came to Europe's door last week and impatiently tapped out three initials: EDC. After four years of doubts and discord, the long-debated, much-despaired-of European Army treaty seemed irretrievably doomed.

It was a turning point in modern European history. Since the French first proposed it in 1950, the EDC blueprint (it has never been more than that) has divided nations, exasperated Parliaments, rocked alliances. Most of the world's top statesmen have striven for or against it: France's Monnet called EDC "inevitable." Russia's Molotov denounced it as "intolerable." Germany's Adenauer regarded it as "indispensable." The Communists threatened a new "Korea in Europe" if EDC was ratified; the U.S. promised an "agonizing reappraisal" if it was not.

Until last week all this passion and misgiving had produced only delay. Then alone came France's Premier Mendès-France, with his policy of timetables and alternatives. At Brussels he confronted the other five members of EDC with a choice: he could push EDC through the French Assembly, but only if France's partners would agree to amendments that would make it an old-fashioned military alliance. Gone was the controversial notion of a common army for a United Europe.

The technique that had served Mendès so well at Geneva failed him at Brussels.

From its birth, EDC had stood in danger of being killed by its enemies; but at Brussels it was EDC's friends who preferred to see it killed rather than emasculated. In its death struggle, EDC provided one unforeseen consolation. By forcing five sovereign governments to stand up and defend its supranational clauses, EDC, in death, had given proof of the life that was in the ideal. Mendès the realist, with his ability to weigh facts, apparently had not known how to measure the strength of an ideal.

When the chips were down, four nations sided with the German Chancellor against the French Premier. Here was dramatic evidence of a reluctant shift that has already begun—a shift in the values assigned by habit, prejudice and affection to the various members of the coalition.

Brussels was no one's victory; it was too soon for even its participants to know whose defeat it would be. Adenauer insisted desperately that EDC is not yet dead. Winston Churchill got into the act, bringing Eden back from vacation, inviting Mendès-France to fly over for lunch. Topic for discussion: the speedy return of sovereignty to West Germany.

For the moment, all that anyone really knew was that Brussels had both a death and a beginning. For that moment of clarity, at least, Mendès-France could be thanked.

Failure in Brussels

The radio voice of Pierre Mendès-France rang out across France. "I am conscious as I tackle this question that it touches the deepest chords in our national feeling. Not only does it divide Frenchmen among themselves, but it tears each one within himself."

Mendès-France admitted that he and his Cabinet had suffered "tortures" over EDC. "And yet," he said, "each of us, and first and foremost the one who heads your government, must face the truth. The truth—and our allies remind us of it every day—is that Germany will not be excluded forever from her own defense."

"Can we, because the prospect of rearming Germany is painful to us, because



Robert Cohen—AGIP
PREMIER MENDES-FRANCE

Yes is cruel, no is unrealistic.

to answer yes is cruel and to say no is unrealistic, can we beat about the bushes forever?" Mendès asked. His answer was proud and direct: "A great nation cannot bury its head in the sand when confronted by an unpleasant choice. It must face up, it must choose . . . We must have done with it."

Pages of Protocols. Mendès-France's way of facing up to EDC was to water down the treaty until he thought he could get it through the French Assembly. Mendès' 30 pages of protocols changed EDC so radically that what remained was neither European nor a defense community. His key protocols would have been:

¶ Eliminated almost all the supranational features of the six-nation European Army;
¶ Left France (or any other nation) free to secede from EDC in case 1) Germany is unified, or 2) U.S. and British troops withdraw from the Continent;
¶ Kept German troops from being sta-

tioned on French soil, while leaving French forces in Germany;

¶ Deprived the Germans of the right to promote their own officers for at least the first four years.

Mendès' allies were furious. "Nine-tenths unacceptable," snapped Dutch Foreign Minister Johan Willem Beyen. Cracked the *Düsseldorf Nachrichten*: "The only regulation really missing is one requiring German soldiers to turn in their rifles every evening."

Special Train to Brussels. Confronted with such plain-spoken unanimity from his EDC partners, Mendès urgently needed U.S. and British backing. He signalized failed to get it from the U.S. John Foster Dulles was exasperated by Mendès' suggestion that Russia would have several months' time—between the French Assembly's approval of the emasculated EDC and final ratification by the French Senate—to talk "concessions" over Germany. Said a tough State Department cable to the British Foreign Office: "A new delaying condition prior to complete ratification [would convince the U.S.] that France cannot be counted on as a reliable partner able to reach decisions."

British Ambassador to France Sir Gladwyn Jebb asked Mendès outright for an explicit guarantee that he would not abandon EDC in return for Soviet "concessions" on Germany. Mendès evaded the question. Nevertheless, as Mendès boarded his special train to Brussels, Jebb was waiting on the platform with a message brought directly from Sir Winston Churchill, promising British support.

Next morning, facing the Foreign Ministers of Germany, Italy, The Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg in the Belgian Foreign Ministry, Mendès began: "I could have put EDC as it stood to a vote in the National Assembly, but I am convinced it would have failed. The fact that I have re-examined the problem . . . proves, I hope, that I am a European and a partisan of European union."

"Delicate Situation." The ministers were unconvinced. Mendès insisted that his version of the treaty would still achieve the four basic aims of EDC: to bind Germany to the West, to arm the Germans in Western defense, to strengthen the government of Dr. Adenauer and to prepare the way for European political union. But what the Frenchman failed to see was that the "European" clauses of EDC, which one of his advisers defined as "mystique," were to the other ministers the heart and soul of the treaty. Mendès confronted the conference with what he felt was the inescapable alternative. France would be put in an "extremely delicate situation": the National Assembly would reject EDC in any form, Mendès-France would fall, a leftist, Popular-Front-type government would succeed him. All this, warned Mendès, would be "a free gift to the Russians."

For once, Mendès' technique of threat-

ening alternatives failed to carry the day. The five other ministers, particularly the German and the Dutch, had already faced up to the consequences of rejecting Mendès' protocols and decided that, bad as those consequences were, the acceptance of an EDC that would make a mockery of a united Europe was infinitely worse. The Netherlands' Johan Willem Beyen gave Mendès a direct answer: "I apologize for not being able to agree with the French proposals." Konrad Adenauer followed, looking grey, tired, and deeply suspicious of the facile Frenchman opposite. The 78-year-old Chancellor objected to Mendès' discriminations against German soldiers, but what he feared most was the possibility that the Frenchman was maneuvering for further delay in the hope of getting Soviet agreement to the neutralization of Germany. Konrad Adenauer too could state unpleasant alternatives: another setback to German hopes of sovereignty would lead disgusted Germans to reject Adenauer's misplaced faith in Western Europe. His government might fall. And with *Der Alte* gone, who would then control what Adenauer himself calls Germany's "domestic military monster?"

Figuring It Wrong. Mendès was in a corner of his own making. In proposing major changes to suit French right-wingers, he had assumed, without bothering to check with the other Foreign Ministers, that they would have to go along. And he also took as proven that EDC supporters in the French Assembly—Catholics, M.R.P.s and Socialists—would be compelled to vote for his changes. From Paris as well as from Brussels, Mendès learned that he had figured it wrong.

The French Socialist Party announced that "we could not possibly vote for a treaty so disfigured." Writing in *Le Figaro* "for myself and my friends," Robert Schuman, who as French Foreign Minister signed the original EDC treaty, dropped a bombshell on Mendès' protocols. His most telling argument: Mendès' proposals would increase, not decrease, the danger of a rearmed Germany. "It must be taken into consideration that anything which decreases [European integration] increases by an equal amount German military sovereignty."

Schuman's opposition in Paris confirmed and strengthened Adenauer's and Beyen's in Brussels. Belgium's Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak, trying to patch up a compromise, proposed to divide the French protocols into those that the other ministers could agree to without submitting them to their Parliaments, and those "substantive changes" that would require new ratification.

Morning, noon and night Mendès fought like a cat against everything placed in the second category. Occasionally, there with bitterness. At one point Konrad Adenauer emerged for a breath of air, his face ashen with fatigue. To a photographer who snapped his picture, *Der Alte* murmured sadly: "Underneath it you can write: 'A tired European.'"



GERMANY'S ADENAUER
He wrote his own caption.

What Next? Mendès, too, was tired. Face to face with failure, he got in touch with John Foster Dulles, appealing for U.S. help. Washington stood firm. U.S. Special Envoy David Bruce caught an express to Brussels to talk with Chancellor Adenauer and the French Premier. But Bruce was instructed not to pressure the others into giving way to Mendès-France; he was to affirm that the U.S. also considered Brussels the showdown.

Mendès would not retreat; neither would the others. The last futile session ended at 2:40 a.m. Mendès-France emerged a badly defeated man. Surrounded by 200 newsmen, who blocked the way to his car, the tired little Premier set



ITALY'S DE GASPERI
He wrote his own epitaph.

off through the dark, empty streets to walk the three blocks to the French embassy. He moved slowly, almost defiantly, but when a reporter asked, "What next?" Mendès could only reply: "I honestly don't know. This is a new situation . . ."

ITALY

Man of the Mountains

Until he reached middle age, he persisted in his favorite sport of mountain climbing. Then one day, as he was descending a dangerous peak, his rope jammed, and he went plunging downward to dangle helplessly over a deep chasm. "For 20 minutes I could not move," Alcide De Gasperi recalled later. "Then I swung over to a ridge and was safe. Well, I was 54 then, and I decided I had better give up climbing. But looking back, it had been a good school for political fighting."

Both politics and mountain climbing seemed unlikely pursuits for a man like De Gasperi. Tall and lanky, he was plagued by bad health. He was an inept organizer, a rambling, self-conscious speaker. He had chilly, blue eyes and a wide mouth that even in repose seemed compressed in grim disapproval. But underneath, De Gasperi had a mountain man's flint-hard resolution and a devout Christian's sense of integrity. These qualities made him the greatest man in postwar Italy and helped him revive a nation that had almost died from an overdose of political bombast.

His birthplace in the Tirol made him first an Austrian, then (by the border rearranging at Versailles) an Italian. But first and last he was a European. As an Austrian during the Habsburg decline, he was an M.P. in the Austrian Parliament, an editor, a labor organizer. As an Italian, he was one of the founders of Italy's dominant Christian Democratic Party, and an enemy of Fascism. In 1926 Mussolini clapped him into Rome's infamous Queen of Heaven prison on the banks of the Tiber, where he languished for a year and a half until the Holy See was able to negotiate his release.

The Survivor. De Gasperi spent the next 14 years in the quiet of the Vatican library, filing index cards and acting as a receptionist. He stretched his \$80-a-month salary by doing German translations at a nickel a page. Surreptitiously, he also kept in touch with his fellow Christian Democrats. When Mussolini fell, a small but well-organized Christian Party was ready. In December 1944 De Gasperi became Italy's Foreign Minister. A year later he was Premier. The first thing De Gasperi did was to get a salary advance so he could buy a new blue suit.

De Gasperi's tenacity in holding on to power became one of the amazing political feats of postwar Europe. Industrial production was at an alltime low; Italy had 3,500,000 jobless or partially employed. The Reds controlled one-third of Italy's 2,735 communes. In those perilous postwar years, De Gasperi was a genius at compromise. His Cabinet had Communists and right-wingers; seven times it fell.

and seven times he patiently rebuilt another coalition. Not until May 1947 did he finally rid his Cabinet of Communists. His smashing triumph in the 1948 elections (with powerful backing by the U.S.) was widely recognized as a significant cold-war victory. A passionate believer in Europe, he was convinced that Italy could only achieve itself as part of a united Europe.

Under De Gasperi Italy's agriculture came back to 100% and national income reached \$16 billion, an alltime high. But the country was still harassed by ancient social cleavages, wide gaps between rich and poor, and suspicious anticlericalism. The Communists, with persistent skill, took advantage of De Gasperi's conciliatory tactics and his fear of provoking an open break between left and right in a land where democracy was still insecurely planted.

A year ago De Gasperi's government was re-elected, but with such a narrow majority that it was, in fact, defeated. Fatigued and discouraged, the old mountaineer could not weather another crisis and submitted his resignation; other, younger hands took over. He continued to be an elder statesman, but in June he stepped down as president of the Christian Democratic Party. Now his noblest ambition was to become the first president of the United States of Europe.

The Retreat. A month ago, as he had done for many summers, he and his wife Francesca moved into their summer chalet near the tiny, Alpine hamlet of Sella. At 73, De Gasperi was worn and haggard. His heart was tired. He was ordered to rest, but he continued anxiously to write and phone Christian Democratic leaders in Rome. He was increasingly distressed by France's attitude toward the EDC he had helped create. One day last week he had a slight heart attack.

On his last day he arose and, as usual, looked out the window toward a hillside crucifix, then murmured: "I can't see the crucifix." A few hours later he talked with Premier Scelsa in Rome. Hunched over the telephone, he said passionately: "EDC must be launched! . . . Europe and the fatherland must be saved." He turned from the telephone in tears. A few hours later he had another heart attack and then another. A priest was summoned, and Alcide de Gasperi, a devout man all his life, received the last sacrament. His daughter began to read the prayer for the dying. Shortly before dawn, De Gasperi said: "I am dying," and then, with his last breath, muttered, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus."

All day long, villagers, priests, Cabinet ministers, Senators, and children from a nearby orphanage thronged the mountain road to pass by the wooden bed where lay the gaunt old figure. Pope Pius sent personal condolences; so did Communist Leader Palmiro Togliatti. U.S. Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce, interrupting a U.S. vacation, flew back to Rome to represent President Eisenhower at the funeral. Said she: "America lost a good friend and Italy a great statesman."

All Italy united to pay the old mountaineer homage. A special train, stopping at way stations where silent thousands gathered, took the body back to Rome. And there, this week, after high petitions by his beloved Church for heavenly grace, rich in earthly honors, Alcide de Gasperi would be laid to rest in Rome's magnificent Basilica San Lorenzo.

RUSSIA

"Down with War!"

The vodka was flowing like the Volga at a Moscow garden party last week. Russia's goaded Defense Minister, Marshal Nikolai A. Bulganin, hopped merrily from one cluster of diplomats to another at the celebration of Indonesian Independence

BURMA

The House on Stilts

[See Cover]

In Burma, men wear skirts. They wrap the skirts, which are called *longyi*, around the hips and gather them at the waist in one simple, unknotted hitch. The *longyi* has its advantages: one can bathe in it without undressing (by wrapping a dry *longyi* over the wet one and dropping the wet one in the bath), which is convenient since in Burma the poor usually bathe at public wells or faucets; one can also unhitch the *longyi* in Burma's uncomfortable humidity, spreading the cloth with an easy, billowing motion, letting in a refreshing draft of air without exposure. *Longyi*, like much else in Burma, may



PRIME MINISTER U NU IN MEDITATION
In the light of the flames, visions of a dark and distant land.

On R.R., Bangkok

Day, and tossed off toast after toast in the name of peace.

"Down with war!" cried he. "I say that as a marshal of the Soviet Union and the commanding general of all the armed forces of the Soviet Union." (Actually, though a marshal, Bulganin is a politician who commands soldiers.)

He bubbled on: "I recently had a talk with the American military attaché. I asked him if the United States was prepared for war. He said, 'Yes.' I declared that we, too, are ready. I asked him if the U.S. wanted war. He said, 'No.' I said we, too, do not want war. As Minister of War, I say, let us drink to peace."

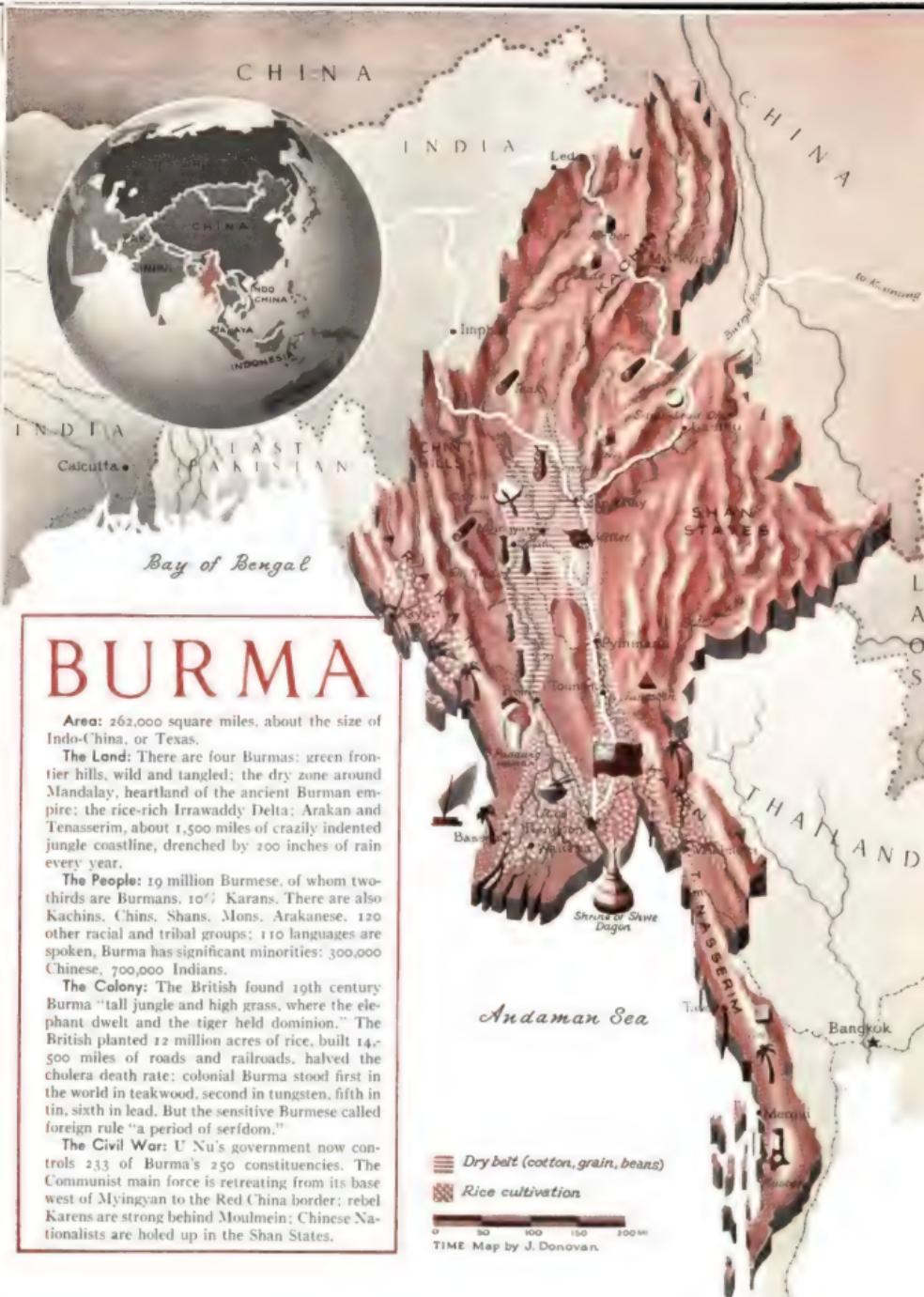
Suddenly a champagne cork popped across the room and struck Bulganin on the head. "Let's use those instead of canons," he laughed.

State Department analysts drew a sober conclusion from his remarks: one part party line (but not entirely, since the party here never credits the U.S. with peaceful intentions), one part alcohol.

seem strange to Western eyes, but they are peculiarly suited to Burma.

Then there are the shirts, which in Burma are attachable-collar shirts—but without the collar. Men of station wear the collarband buttoned at the neck; lesser figures, especially in government offices, wear it open. The air of collarless informality is misleading; the Burmese are meticulous. It is considered improper for a Westerner to visit Burmese in shorts or a tropical shirt; the Burmese, colonial subjects of Britain until 1948, are sensitive about Westerners who appear to take them for granted. Yet the proper Burmese are remarkably free with their language: Burmese women will astonish Westerners with vivid physical references to males they do not like; Prime Minister U Nu, a Buddhist layman of unusual piety, will casually refer to Communists as "Kwe-Ma-Tha," meaning "dog-bitch-sons."

Spirits & Stars. In Burma, land of Buddhist calm, no one is ever far from a remote and terrible world, a world of



spirits and stars, a world of violence. It is only 69 years since Burma's last King, Thibaw, ordered 500 of his subjects and 100 foreigners to be buried alive at the gates of his palace, believing that their spirits would protect his soul. Only the timely arrival of the British Empire troops prevented the mass executions.

In modern Rangoon (pop. 700,000), Burma's stately, rectilinear capital, the visitor may still come by night upon lanterns or candles at dangerous street intersections; they are placed there by superstitious Burmese to attract by night the spirits of those killed in street accidents.

In Rangoon too, the well-bred gentleman at dinner has probably consulted an astrologer over the timing of his current business deal, or of the next union with his wife, should an heir be desired. Burma's bustling Socialist government employs a "Board of Astrologers" which similarly advises the nation upon the timing of significant events. The respected Daw Mya Yi (Madame Loving Emerald) recently set the date of her daughter's wedding after consultations with her personal astrologer; her husband, Prime Minister U Nu, did not object.

Burma, this faraway land of strange customs, has suddenly become newly important to Americans, a few thousand of whom have fought there, most of whom know it only remotely through a haze of symbols—*Terry and the Pirates*, *The Road to Mandalay*, Errol Flynn striding triumphant down the Burma Road. By the light of the flames that roared up over Indo-China, the dark and distant land of Burma has become visible. Can Burma defend its 1,000-mile Red China frontier by itself? Can Burma be saved? Will it get help—or accept it?

Freedom & Chaos. Burma is a land that has not known peace for twelve years. The Japanese and the British twice fought over it during World War II. Burma won its independence and plunged into chaos, headlong and unready. Since then, the Burmese have been fighting disciplined Communist armies and a motley crew of guerrillas and bandits. But recently there have been hopeful changes. In the cold war's continental context, they are small changes; yet relative to the crumble and despair of Southeast Asia, they are significant, even sweeping:

¶ Burma has just about defeated its Communist insurrection—with no sizable help from the West.

¶ Burma is launching an ambitious program of land reform, infant industrialization and social welfare—once more, with no sizable help from the West.

¶ Burma is inspiring perhaps the most remarkable Buddhist revival in centuries, that is becoming in itself the focus of a new and powerful anti-Communism.

Burma, in short, is pulling itself out of its chaos. In its small-power context, it is working its own counterrevolution, employing a trinity of arms, ideology and religion that might prove to be a workable Asian alternative to Communism.

The man responsible for this show of hope



U NU & WIFE (STANDING) AT DAUGHTER'S WEDDING CEREMONY
Madame Loving Emerald got the astrologers to set the time.

in the land of spirits and stars is Burma's Prime Minister, U Nu.

Talent & Inspiration. U Nu, a little-known yet extraordinary man of 47, is coming into the headlines with his country. He is coming with reluctance and grave misgivings. "I am a dreamer, a writer," he says. "Framing rules and so on makes my head ache." U Nu once confessed to himself that he might some day become the Bernard Shaw of Burma, for he had "the talent and the inspiration." Instead, U Nu became Free Burma's first Prime Minister, and has remained so—despite four attempts to resign—for the past 61 years. U Nu is a devout Buddhist who once hesitated to kill a cobra for fear of transgressing the Buddhist precept: "Thou shalt not kill . . . All living creatures are subject to their destiny." U Nu, man of peace, has had to direct a pentagonal civil war. U Nu is a man of infinite modesty and quietness; he likes to drive out, on afternoons when he can get free, to a "meditation house" built on stilts, a tall man's height from the ground. U Nu must now meditate upon the fate of Indo-China, and he does not shrink from its implication: "Most of the countries of Southeast Asia are like this house," U Nu tells his visitors. "As the wind blows, they go to and fro like this." U Nu flaps his hands.

The Wolf of Man. U Nu is a man of rough and unfamiliar plainness. His head is round, his mouth seems rather large for his face, and his brown eyes fix visitors with peculiar intentness. His manner is sedate; his piety is apparent, and sincere. He betrays no concern that a Rangoon magazine is currently serializing a novel called *Man the Wolf of Man* (written in 1943) with a remarkable autobiographical preface by its author, U Nu.

"In his native town," Author U Nu

wrote of himself in the third person. "the nickname of *Tate Sanetha*, Saturday-born street Arab, was well known to everybody . . ." By the age of twelve he was a heavy drinker. Often as a sequel to his drinking bouts, his stupefied little body might be seen carried home on someone's shoulder. His father, deeply ashamed and hopeless of reclaiming him, could only banish him to live as he would in a paddock down outside the town. The boy brewed his own liquor there."

This way of life continued until "something deep down inside him suddenly changed . . . A cool moonlight night, a verdant prospect, pretty women, sweet music began to move him profoundly. Whenever he was moved by beauty, he wanted to be alone with his joy." The picture of a Burmese society girl, ripped from a newspaper, was U Nu's talisman, inspiring him "to do good deeds, champion on the weak, subdue the oppressors."

At the University of Rangoon, where he graduated in philosophy, U Nu wrote sonnets, "mostly to lampoon rival football teams," and read avidly—Shaw, Shakespeare, Havelock Ellis, Karl Marx. Then he became a schoolteacher, wrote some plays with Freudian themes, and directed his sonnets at Mya Yi, the school board chairman's daughter, with whom he

* Nu is a Saturday name, meaning "soft" or "gentle." The name of a Burmese child usually begins with one of the letters deemed auspicious for the day upon which he was born (e.g., K or G for Monday, T, D or N for Saturday). There are rarely family names, if at all. The Burmese also believe that a child's personality is often determined by his birthday, or by his demeanor at birth. "A man born on Monday will be jealous; on Tuesday, honest; on Wednesday, short-tempered but soon calm; on Thursday, mild; on Friday, talkative; on Saturday, hot-tempered and quarrelsome; on Sunday, parsimonious."

later eloped. Under the spell of a learned Rangoon editor named U Ba Cho, the young playwright got interested in both Buddhism and his country's fight for independence. The zealotry of his politics and religion astonished his friends.

How to Win Friends. The fight for freedom was a young man's fight: Burma's middle class and middle-aged were standing aside, and the University of Rangoon's young radicals could go far. U Nu re-entered the university as a graduate law student. One year later he was leading the celebrated Students' Strike of 1936, burning the Union Jack before Rangoon's colonial Law Courts. U Nu joined the intensely nationalist "We Burmans" Society, whose members defiantly called each other "Thakin" (or "master"), the word the British expected subservient Burmese to call the white man. U Nu became Thakin Nu. One of his schoolmates and fellow rebels was Thakin Than Tun, who now commands the Communist army in Burma; another Thakin runs the rival Trotskyite or Red Flag Communist army. U Nu drank deeply of Marx, but he mixed his drinks. During these turbulent 1930s, he translated into Burmese another book that had influenced him: Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People*.

When World War II came, Burma's young Thakins offered to help the British if they would guarantee Burma's independence. The British coldly declined, so the Thakins supported the Japanese. The British later threw U Nu and his friends into jail for sedition.

In 1942 the Japanese invaded Burma, and the people, believing that the Japanese had come to liberate them, crowded out to greet the soldiers. "When the Japanese bombers came," said U Nu, "the people would not take cover. They tore their shirts, sang, danced, clapped their hands, shouted and turned somersaults as if they did not care a curse what happened." One day U Nu came upon a procession, led by monks, bearing gifts of rice, bananas and melons to the Japanese soldiers. Several hours later, U Nu met the same procession, limping home and disillusioned. "We expected the Japanese commander to be thankful," one of the marchers explained, "but all he did was to take his hand from his trousers pocket and give us a hard slap in the face." Thereupon, U Nu and the marchers, as Burmese often do in moments of desperation, spontaneously burst out laughing.

The laughter did not last: the desperation did. In time, the Japanese gave Burma its first nominal all-Burmese government, with U Nu as Foreign Minister, but he wore, as he put it, a "Made-in-Japan stamp" on his forehead. In 1944 the disillusioned Burmese rose up against the Japanese as 250,000 Allied troops poured in through the jungles.

The Cabinet Is Dead. After liberation, Burma's course towards freedom ran swiftly in two confluent streams: the Thakins whipped up anti-British strikes against the returning colonial diehards; in Lon-

don, the British nation was undergoing its historic change of heart. In 1946 Britain offered Burma self-government "either within or without the British Commonwealth." Burma's stars at last seemed favorable: 31-year-old General Aung San, commander of the Burmese Defense army, agreed to lead the Cabinet; 39-year-old U Nu, anxious to return to his writing, became Speaker of Burma's brand-new Constituent Assembly.

Yet behind Burma's stars lurked violence: on July 19, 1947, three assassins strolled casually into Rangoon's Secretariat, burst into the council chamber and sprayed the ministers with Sten-guns bullets: General Aung San and six of his colleagues were killed, and nowhere in all Burma, it seemed, could experienced men be found to replace them. Unwillingly, a would-be playwright laid aside his pen.



Associated Press

GENERAL AUNG SAN
Violence lurked behind the stars.

am glad to inform you," the British governor told the saddened land, "that Thakin Nu has agreed to form a new council."

"**This Is Our Land!**" At 4:20 a.m., Jan. 4, 1948 (the hour considered auspicious by the astrologers), Burma's six-starred flag arose in total independence from the British Empire. Only two other nations had so quit the Empire before: Eire and the 13 American Colonies. The British governor drove off through the crowded streets to H.M.S. *Birmingham*, and that night in Rangoon, the nation rejoiced; musicians beat ancient drums with sticks made from lions' bones and singing, golden-skinned Burmese chanted their national anthem:

*Until the end of time
This is our land!*

But once more, it seemed, Burma's stars were unfavorable. In the new republic's first year of freedom, no fewer than 40% of Burma's elected M.P.s and their sup-

porters came out in armed revolt against Prime Minister U Nu. Trade, commerce and government revenues slumped; the civil service fell away, demoralized. In police HQ, Pegu Province, a weary superintendent checked his dossier: "Of 22 stations in my district, I hold only six. The other 15 are held by five kinds of insurgents." In faraway London, Winston Churchill, then in opposition, rumbled: "Burma is descending into a state of anarchy, tempered by Communism."

The chain reaction of disaster:

¶ **Red Flag Trotskyites**, 6,000 strong, rebelled first, in protest against even negotiating for independence with Prime Minister Attlee. Their leader: Thakin Soe, 48, one-time clerk in the Burma Oil Co. and jailmate of Prime Minister U Nu.

¶ **White Flag Communists**, 13,000, ordered into rebellion March 1948, as Moscow's first postwar campaign to undermine Southeast Asia.

¶ **Burmese Army Deserters**, 8,000 professionals, rebelled in July 1948, protesting U Nu's decision to fight the Communists, who had been the army's old comrades in the struggle for independence.

¶ **Karen National Defense Organization**, 12,000 militants among Burma's 2,000,000 predominantly Christian Karen people, rebelled in August 1948, demanding a separate Karen state on the Thailand border.

¶ **Chinese Nationalists**, remnants of Chiang Kai-shek's beaten army, driven into Burma from Red China in 1949.

"The outbreaks were dealt with as best we could," said U Nu. "Only after some time did we realize our mistakes." He first tried to win the Communists back into "leftist unity" by appeasement; he referred to them as "ignoramus" in their deviation from the true Marxism, and drafted a 15-point plan calling for the propagation of "Marxist doctrine" (a plan he now very much regrets). The Communist answer was characteristic: they gathered their forces, and struck when they were ready. "Give us three years," cried Communist Thakin Than Tun in 1948, "and Burma will be ours!" Prime Minister Nu, the Buddhist who would not kill the cobra, had a battle on his hands.

War & Sympathy. U Nu regrouped Burma's shaky 12,000-man combat force, its three-fighter air force, and stopped the Communists seven miles from Rangoon. In the spring of 1949, U Nu flew north in his flowing *longyi* and organized the recapture of Mandalay. In 1950 and 1951, Burma's army gained the decisive Irrawaddy Plain. In 1952 the Burmese edged the Chinese Nationalists behind the deep-cut Salween gorges. For a man of peace, U Nu had accomplished a reasonable military job.

U Nu was determined from the start, however, that Burma's civil war must become something more than a conventional deployment of military force. He could not see it all yet, but in his mind lay the vague shape of a counterrevolution, many-sided, thorough.

U Nu turned first to diplomacy. He



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eased the Karen rebellion by appointing Karen leaders to his Cabinet, by promising the Karens an autonomous state within the Union of Burma. He eased the Chinese Nationalist crisis through the U.N.; the U.S. recently flew out more than half of the Nationalists to Formosa, and the rest are considered leaderless and confinable. U Nu persistently offered the Communists their lives and a course in democracy if they would turn in their arms and surrender; 4,000 did.

Benevolent State. As the influence of his youthful government moved out towards Burma's wild green frontiers, U Nu put in more work on his counterrevolution.

U Nu is a Socialist who sometimes talks like a Marxist (his closest ideological neighbors seem to be the Yugoslav Reds). U Nu's constitution proclaims that the state is the ultimate owner of all land; in collective-minded Burma, no one will eventually own more than 50 acres, a two-bullock plot. U Nu's principal associates, Defense Minister U Ba Swe and Industries Minister U Kyaw Nyein, both talk as if Burma must be led towards total nationalization of industry, total cooperative ownership and working of the land.

This program of Socialization, with its concomitant welfare state (the Burmese call it *Pyidawtha*, or "Good Benevolent Welfare"), is already so popular that Burma appears to be heading towards a one-party Socialist state. There is neither basis nor demand for a conservative opposition, for "capitalism" is considered synonymous with "colonialism" and is therefore damned. U Ba Swe, the Socialist Party boss, freely recognizes the total predominance of Socialism, "but what is one to do?" Prime Minister U Nu is hard put to reassure skeptical Westerners: "If there is only one party, it is because the people prefer that party . . . There is no danger as long as that one party believes in democracy."

Cult of the Gun. U Nu will argue Marxism with Communists over a pot of plain tea, but he will not let them undermine free Burma with a gun. As Prime Minister, he goes to extraordinary lengths to ensure that his people understand this, the difference he considers vital. "For 2,000 years," he cried, "we in Burma had the tradition that he who can kill a King becomes a King . . . The conflict is not between government and rebels, but a conflict between . . . the rights of the people and the cult of the gun." He tells his people: "Beware of Pied Pipers."

To help make his definition stick, U Nu challenged the Communists to free elections; they declined. He put his old play-writing "talent and inspiration" to work, dashed off an eight-scene morality play called *The People Win Through*, in which villainous Communists shoot the hero at the end. In this play (required reading in Burma's secondary schools), U Nu lets his characters speak his message. A Civil Servant complains: "Communists mustn't breathe through their own noses . . . They know perfectly well that white is white,



U NU & NEHRU
They fear the same dangers.

but their bosses tell them that white is black; black it is for them . . ." A Guerrilla explains: "I'm fighting the Communists . . . to prevent the people from being led about on a nose rope like castrated cattle." And *A Refugee* returns to report: "The Communists have given us a New Order . . . Break wind and you're hauled off to the people's court . . ."

"Thadu, Thadu, Thadu." The unique factor of Burma's counterrevolution—and the one that owes most to U Nu—is its Buddhist revival. "Karl Marx had very limited knowledge," says U Nu, "which is not equivalent to one-tenth of a particle of dust beneath the feet of Lord Buddha."

For more than 2,000 years, Buddhism has tended to unify Burma's different peoples; every Burmese village has its monastery, almost every hill its crowning pagoda, gold-leaf or whitewashed in the



U NU & NIXON
They fight the same evils.

sun. "We will suffuse the whole world with loving thoughts," teaches Buddha the Guide, and the voices of authoritarians, like Mao Tse-tung, ring strangely in the Burmese consciousness. "We want to take the enemy's eyes and ears and seal them," cries Mao Tse-tung. "We want to throw them into utter confusion, driving them mad."

U Nu, son of a merchant who sold religious articles, brought sacred Buddhist relics back from Ceylon and sent them on a 20-city tour of Burma; he built a great Peace Pagoda seven miles from Rangoon, then spent \$6,000,000 on two dozen more buildings, including a man-made cave, to accommodate the Sixth World Buddhist Council. He ordered department heads to dismiss civil servants 30 minutes ahead of time if they wished to meditate; he put his own Cabinet to work beside the laborers on pagoda construction. He remitted prison sentences of convicts who passed exams in Buddhism.⁹

U Nu gets up each morning at 4 o'clock to meditate for a couple of hours. For a while he became a total vegetarian, but the effect of his denials grew so marked—his eyes almost failed him last year—that doctors persuaded him to take "a little fish." In 1950, then 43 and the father of five children, U Nu chose to enter the state of *Bramachariya*, or sexual abstinence, which is considered "extraordinary" in that Buddhism does not require such abstinence of its lay supporters. One day in Parliament, U Nu introduced a bill for the promotion of religion. Unanimously the M.P.s passed it; in unison they intoned: "Thadu, Thadu, Thadu," which amounted to a vote of confidence in U Nu's religious leadership. *Thadu* is the Burmese word for both "Amen" and "Well done."

Small-Power Success. Burma is still a land of violence, compounded now by some of the inevitable parasites of Socialism: graft, bureaucratic confusion, the arrogance of petty officials. Yet by its own measurable standards and in its own context, Burma is doing well. U Nu has dropped the prewar title, "Thakin," considering that the Burmese are now masters in their house (U means roughly "Respected Sir" or "Uncle").

Burma's army, now grown to 60,000 men, appears to have the civil war in hand: the Trotzkites are through; the Communists, down to half-strength, have scattered into bands not 400 strong, and their leader, Than Tun, is in flight; 22,000 rebels in all have surrendered. U Nu's Benevolent State is so popular that enterprising Burmese salesmen name good

⑨ U Nu and 90% of the Burmese are Theravada Buddhists, accepting Buddhism as a way of life, not as a theocratic doctrine; they have no church, no God in the Western sense, U Nu is tolerant and approving of other "true" religions, e.g., Christianity. He insisted upon paying the expenses of Roman Catholic priests on a recent pilgrimage to Rome; his troops gave the Anglican Bishop of Rangoon, the Right Rev. George West, a safe-conduct across the lines into the rebel Karen districts so that he could administer Communion to the villagers.

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things after it (a cool, refreshing glass of "Benevolent" milk) and Rangoon buses proclaim their "Benevolent" destination. U Nu is starting slowly to redistribute to million acres of land, and he is paying the landlords dusty but democratic compensation—one year's rent. Another Burmese item of note: a contract has been let for a steel rolling mill. The future looks so bright to them from Rangoon that the country's young Socialists tell Westerners they are more worried about the sagging world price of rice—Burma's principal source of revenue—than about the civil war. But in the context of a small power like Burma, U Nu's achievements can be dubious. Red China has been occupied elsewhere.

Through the 11th and 12th centuries, Burma's great empire at Pagan shone gloriously in its own context; in the 13th century, Tartary's Kublai Khan casually ordered it snuffed out. As casually as Kublai Khan, Red China's Liu Shao-chi recently marked counterrevolutionary Burma for conquest by renewed infiltration. Red China is already pulling Burma's Communists remnants back toward its border, to a "Yenan" redoubt where they can be reinforced and rearmed. Chou En-lai is pressing U Nu to sign a non-aggression pact that will help sanctify Red China's "Asia for the Asians" doctrine. Chou has invited U Nu to visit Peking, and last week U Nu accepted—without saying when he could be free.

Big Power Concern. In the Pentagon's "big picture," Burma is an area of denial, something to be kept from the Communists if possible, but far from the fundamental strategic centers of power, e.g., the Urals, Manchuria; the Pentagon does not want to get bogged down there. The State Department would like to wheelie U Nu into an anti-Communist bloc, but U Nu shies instinctively from blocs. Like India's Nehru, he believes that blocs encourage war. Last year, U Nu cut off U.S. Point Four aid in token of his "non-alignment." During the Geneva Conference, U Nu learned further grounds for caution: 12 million neighboring Vietnamese were handed over to Communism; U.S. oratory did not save them. "It is criminal, unforgivable," complained Burma's U Kyaw Nyein, "that the super-power upon whom so much depends should be the amateur . . . the Soviet Union, the professional."

U Nu, long considered a docile member of the Nehru neutralist bloc, has recently developed an independence of his own. Though scrupulously determined not to be aligned, he once proclaimed: "Burma and America are in the same boat . . . We fight the same evils." And he recently gave this confident advice: "Western blood need not be shed countering aggression in this area. Just make the countries of Southeast Asia strong." But if Southeast Asia's rickety house on stilts should continue to lose its supports, and Burma is endangered, what then? Answers U Nu, a man of Buddhist peace: "We would fight."

TRAVEL The Decayed Summer

Only a well-worn Briticism was adequate to describe this summer's weather in Britain and a good part of Western Europe: it was "absolutely filthy." Continuous rains drenched the country lanes of England and the sidewalk cafés of Paris. In mid-August, temperatures dropped to a chill 57° on the English Channel coast and hovered near freezing on the French side. London last week had its coldest August day since 1871; Wordsworth's famed Lake Country had its 32nd consecutive day of rain. Frigid Frenchmen threw up their hands in disgust and dismissed the whole season (the



Agence Diffusion Press

PARIS, 1954

Better in the sewers.

worst, climatically speaking, in 78 years) as "*l'été pourri*"—the decayed summer.

Fight to the Sun. Despite the ugly weather, however, swarms of U.S. tourists braved rain, wind and hail to do their duty by their midwinter dreams. Airlines were bursting at their seat-belts; hotels were crammed to the rafters. "Any connoisseur of curled lips," reported a Rome correspondent of *Variety*, "can add to his collection by simply asking a room clerk if there is a vacany." Italy had a big influx of quickie "flying tours," with most visitors asking American Express the directions to the fountain into which Gregory Peck and Audrey Hepburn threw coins.

Tourists lucky enough not to be on fixed, prepaid tours fled northern France and England to find the sun in Spain, Italy and the *Côte d'Azur*. From Menton to Marseille, hotels were hanging out the "Complet" (full up) signs, often socking the dollar-heavy tourist as much as \$9 a day for back rooms without running water. Nice and Cannes, sunny as usual, were so solidly booked that many late arrivals had to go 20 miles into the

mountains to find a bed. Budget-minded travelers discovered a more economical sun-drenched paradise in Spain, where a room with bath in the best hotels can be had for less than \$4. Though prices have risen, Spain is still a bargain, and expects 150,000 Americans this year (vs. 31,000 in 1951).

Going Underground. Perhaps the dreariest city in Europe was Paris, principal shrine of all tourism, where sidewalk cafés stood empty most of the time and even the six remaining *faucette* drivers looked in vain for customers. "I have had only two customers in a week," reported one. But even relatively abandoned Paris could point to a record number of arrivals as the more purposeful tourists, most of whom had booked their trips in advance without benefit of weather prophecy pored in to see the sights they counted as "musts."

Often soaked to the skin, but not miserable, these hardy souls trooped doggedly to the Eiffel Tower (\$1.00 a day), the Louvre, Montmartre, the Arc de Triomphe and Notre Dame, determined to chalk up an enduring memory or two regardless of weather. It was a sad commentary on the Queen of Cities that her greatest attraction this year appeared to be her famed sewers, whose daily attendance was three times normal. Each day, record rows of tourists lined up at the manhole in the Place de la Concorde to take the tour through the ancient, labyrinthine tunnels in wooden barges (price 17¢). "It stinks," observed one American on emerging last week, "but it was cheap."

CHINA

The Lotus Eaters

Well fortified with edible portions of the lotus plant, symbol of indolence and forgetfulness, former Prime Minister Clement Attlee and his roving band of British Laborites last week craned their tourist rublenecks at Red China. The entertainment provided at Peking was at least as lavish as that shown the British in Moscow. One night there was a ten-course dinner for 400 at The House of Magnanimity (a former imperial palace) where the menu featured melon prepared in the shape of the shaved head of one of Buddha's disciples. On another occasion, a reception for 600, 23 toasts of mutual friendship and admiration were drunk in red and yellow wine—and they were all very heady stuff.

By day, Attlee & Co. were graciously guided along Peking's streets, past glowing portraits of Mao Tse-tung, Malenkov, Stalin and Molotov, through the famed Gate of Heavenly Peace into the old Forbidden City. They visited a model jail, well stocked with some 3,600 political prisoners, where they were told by a jailer that corporal punishment was forbidden, and "It is not permitted even to scold a prisoner."

The seven British newsmen who had



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followed the Socialists out from England got few chances to share in these festivities. They seized the opportunity to look around at Peking's wonders: the omnipresent soldiers, fully armed with sub-machine guns and even hand grenades ("In case of an invasion from Formosa," said one Chinese official); the naked children, their bellies round with starvation, sitting apathetically in the city's gutters. Meanwhile, well out of the newsmen's hearing, Attlee and his fellow travelers talked long and earnestly with Premier Chou En-lai and his henchmen of the possibility of expanding East-West trade. At the end of the talks, a Chinese trade official, Lu Shu-chang, told newsmen gratefully that British ships were already helping to bring steel, heavy machinery and other strategic materials from Western Europe to Red China. In London, British officials resorted to an Americanism to deny the assertion: "Baloney!"

After five days in Peking, the British pilgrims flew on to Manchuria. As they departed, Peking was aglow with the kind words they left behind. Said Clem Attlee: "We sympathized with the Chinese people in their long struggle . . . against the forces of reaction and wish well to the New China." Said Aneurin Bevan: "Our presence is sufficient to show our support for the Chinese People's Revolution."

"What kind of confidence," asked London's conservative *Daily Sketch*, "can Britain have in such naive tourists who wander happily into the spider's web and expect to tie a bow around his neck?"

GREECE

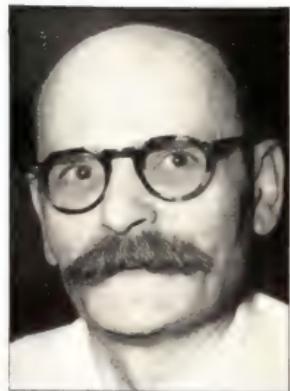
Zealot's End

As he faced the firing squad, in the brown hills outside Athens before dawn last week, there seemed little reason for Nicholas Ploumbides to remain loyal to Communism. Behind him lay 28 years of service to the Red cause: he had been No. 2 man in the Greek Communist Party and chief of its underground espionage system. For more than six years, the tubercular Ploumbides had hidden in the squalid back alleys of Athens, playing cat-and-mouse with police, while he and his illegal spy ring sent information across the border. His sister had been executed for Red activity; his wife Julia was in prison awaiting the same fate.

Yet from his own masters, after three decades of subservience, came only denunciations. For he had run afoul of Nicholas ("Nico") Zachariades, the real strong man of Greek Communism, who operates from the safety of the satellite countries.

Violent Denunciation. When Greek police arrested Old Party Wheehorse Ploumbides last year for high treason and espionage, Zachariades joined in with a violent campaign against him. Ploumbides, cried Iron Curtain radio stations, was a stooge, an *agent provocateur* in the pay of the U.S., Britain and the Greek police.

Zachariades had long ago learned that in the internal struggle for party power, success means the survival of the shiftest. His formula was impressively simple:



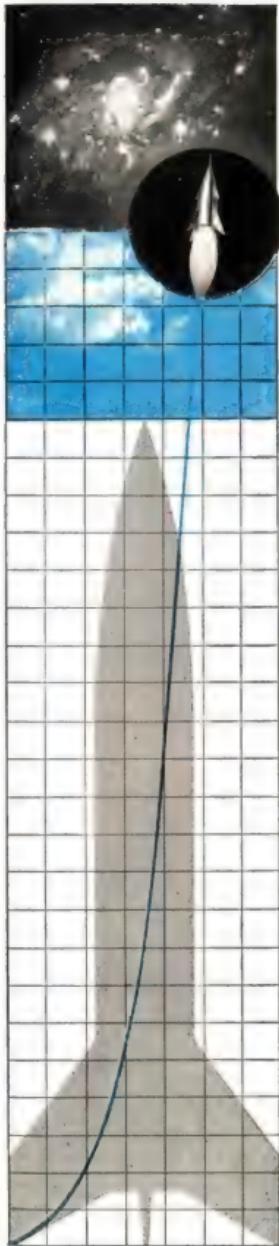
MEET
COMMUNIST PLOUNMBIDES
 Survival for the shiftest.

never let anyone else get too strong: heap the blame on someone else when things go wrong. For 20 years the technique kept Zachariades all-powerful in Greek Communism. In 1950 he used it on the "old man" of Greek Communism, the late George Siantos, who was head of the party in Greece during the years of Nazi occupation. When the tide of war started going against Greece's Communist guerrillas early in 1949, Zachariades knew at whom to point the finger: Guerrilla Leader Markos Vafazis, who mysteriously disappeared about that time and has not been heard from since.

Dumb Loyalty. Nicholas Ploumbides knew all this when he went to trial in July 1953, but his loyalty was unswerving. He appeared in court daily in a well-pressed white linen suit and a red carnation in his lapel. Greek Communism, he told the court, owed its allegiance to the Kremlin and Nico Zachariades. He took the stand only once in the nine-day proceedings. Then, coughing softly into a bloodstained handkerchief, he limited his remarks to a textbook eulogy of world Communism and an attack on "American imperialism."

Zachariades carried his campaign against Ploumbides right up to the end. After Ploumbides was found guilty and confined to a sanatorium to await his execution, Zachariades broadcast taunts at the Greek police: "Why does Ploumbides live? He will be taken secretly out of Greece to reap his reward for betrayal of the Communist Party."

Late one night last week, Ploumbides was nudged awake to be told that his appeal had been denied. He had time to scribble notes to his five-year-old son Dimitrakis and his wife Julia. Then an armed guard drove him through Athens' deserted streets to a remote spot in the suburb of Daphne, stood him in a shallow gully and shot him. But not before, dumbly loyal to the end, he could shout three times: "Long live the Communist Party!"



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Speaking to the American Bar Association in Chicago, **Joseph N. Welch**, former special counsel for the Army in its squabble with Senator **Joseph McCarthy**, reflected on his depressing sojourn in Washington. "The two simple emotions I observed at the capital were fear and hate, fanned to a white heat," said he. "It was frightening to me . . . A steady diet of this . . . will destroy us." Meanwhile, Tennessee's **Ray Jenkins**, special committee counsel at the long-winded hearings, discovered that he had popped up as Y. Y. Cragnoe, a bumpy-beaked character in Cartoonist **Al Capp's** *Lil' Abner*. "Cragnoe is uglier than I am," rasped Jenkins. "But I've been getting plenty of fan mail . . . I do wish he'd refine that face a bit."

Appearing in a Swiss court for a divorce hearing, glamorous Socialite **Joanne Connelly Sweeny Patino**, 23, told a sympathetic judge that her husband, Bolivian Tin Heir **Jaime Ortiz-Patino**, was "a real sadist, who often beat me." Matter of fact, complained Joanne without further explanation, things really got rough on the Isle of Capri: "On our honeymoon he beat me so much I had a miscarriage."

Monte Carlo's summer season reached a social crescendo with an anti-polio March of Frances party featuring two hours of husky-throated songs by **Marlene Dietrich**. But Marlene seemed almost an anticlimax to Poet **Jean Cocteau's** freshly penned introduction, elo-

quently recited by French Cinemactor **Jean Marais**: "Your name begins with a caress and ends with a whiplash. You wear feathers and furs which seem to be part of your body like the furs of beasts and the feathers of birds . . . There comes to us, in full sail, a frigate, a prow's figurehead, a Chinese fish, a lyre bird, unbelievable and marvelous."

London's *Daily Express* predicted that the highlight of **Princess Margaret's** 24th-birthday party, an intimate royal affair at Balmoral Castle, would be an announcement of her engagement to the Honorable Colin Christopher Paget Tenant, 27, heir to a barony and a multimillion-dollar chemical fortune. With gossips all agog, the *Express's* guess proved a total fizzle. Arriving at Balmoral, young



PRINCESS MARGARET
After the rumors, a storm.

Tenant snapped: "I'm sick and tired of being followed!" A news blackout followed. Across the moat of privacy, reporters had slim pickings: The only tidings that drifted out from the inner sanctum: a picnic had been called off because of rain—and U.S. Crooner **Eddie Fisher** had sent the princess a special recording of *Happy Birthday to You*.

Two old buddies, Army Private **G.** (for Gerard) **David Schine** and **Roy M. Cohn**, hopped off a plane at Newark Airport, denied that they had planned to be fellow travelers, flatly turned down photographers' requests for a cozy picture.

Millionairess **Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowski**, 30, wife of sexagenarian Conductor **Leopold Stokowski** and self-admitted washout as an amateur actress at 16, starred before a sellout audience at Pennsylvania's Pocono Playhouse as the prin-



M. Thompson

ACTRESS STOKOWSKI
After a washout, nerveless poise.

cess in Ferenc Molnar's *The Swan*. Consensus of the critics: "Nerveless poise." With Stok's blessing, Gloria, mother of two and a painter of some commendable abstractions, suddenly found herself "enthusiastic about making the stage a career."

Cinemactor **Frankton Tone**, 49, whose Phi Beta Kappa key failed to ward off the rude fistfights of husky Cinemurk **Tom Neal** in their brawl over the fickle favors of Cineminx **Barbara Payton** three years ago, settled out of court with Lloyds of London, accepted \$17,500 insurance for his clobbering. In reply to Tone's original \$63,666 suit, Lloyds claimed, in effect, that he had displayed indiscreted valor by provoking Neal, then by sticking his hitherto unmarred face in the way of Big Tom's flying knuckles.

Still without a divorce from Crooner **Frank Sinatra**, Cinemactress **Ava Gardner** left Nevada, where she had waited out her six-week legal residency stint, and rushed to Havana's Hotel Nacional, where she and Frankie had honeymooned so long ago. This time she registered as Miss Anne Clarke and maid, later went fishing with her old friend, Author **Ernest Hemingway**, hooked a twelve-pounder, while Papa caught nothing.

In Rome, Egypt's **ex-King Farouk** interrupted his leering and prancing long enough to roll into a fashionable night-club, where he drew up a chair beside an old Manhattan cabaret songstress named Spivy. Bawdy duets with her for an hour and topped off the act with a Swiss yodeling version of *Don't Fence Me In*. Spivy's impression of Farouk's yodeling—Squeaking in a high falsetto."



SINGER DIETRICH
After the caress, a whiplash.



A discovery in excellence awaits you here

If you have yet to drive a Buick ROADMASTER like the one shown here, make yourself a promise that you will do so—soon.

That little, at least, you owe to yourself.

For this is an experience too exhilarating to miss—a discovery too important to overlook.

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broad panoramic windshield, and you know that nothing less will ever do for you again.

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Then you set in motion this precisely named car, and immediately you know a new kind of excellence on wheels.

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CASE OF THE Ravenous Coffee Hound

A steamship man burns the midnight oil to lighten work for shippers

The hands on the clock crept toward midnight. The freight clerk poured himself another cup of coffee and impatiently went back to his work.

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SPORT

Into the Stretch

True ball fans are mathematicians. They worship averages. A player's performance at the plate, a team's actions on the field, are all judged by intricate accounting. But when it comes to judging pennant races, the fans themselves are the most important statistic. Last week, as the season rounded the late-summer turn, big-league attendance figures testified to one of the tightest stretch drives in years. Fans were piling into Milwaukee's County Stadium at a record 40,000-a-game clip. Cleveland had already surpassed its 1953 home-attendance figure. The Dodgers and Giants set turnstiles spinning whenever they met. The race was so close, a man was hard put to pick a winner.

Front-Running Indians. In the American League, front-running Cleveland was an odds-on favorite with the men who make book on baseball. Outpaced in the stretch three years in a row, the Indians were now playing the steady, workmanlike baseball of champions. Their first-line pitchers (Wynn, Lemon, Garcia) have turned in some of the best performances of the season. One-time Fireballer "Rapid" Robert Feller, now grown gracefully ancient (he will be 36 in November), has surprised even himself with a fine 11-2 record. Rookies Ray Narleski and Don Mossi have been fogging their high, hard ones past late-inning batters. And the Indians have been winning the tough ones; they have taken 25 games by a single run.

In the field, injury-hobbled Al Rosen has moved between first and third with



Al Rosen

CLEVELAND'S ROSEN
A habit for Humpty Dumpties.

case: Neuro Al Smith has switched from benchwarmer to one of the hottest outfielders around; Veteran Hank Majeski, 37, stepped in for Bobby Avila and batted a resounding .350. Whenever a regular sputtered, his substitute caught fire.

Far from a flashy, holler-and-hell-raising club, the Indians have been concentrating on the happy habit of hitting the long ball at the right time. "We get 'em when we need 'em," says General Manager Hank Greenberg. "We're a worrisome ball club to the opposition." Not only have the Indians been worrying their closest competitors: they have been regularly knocking over the league's Humpty Dumpties. As the week began, after a three-game series with the unsung Orioles of Baltimore, they were $\frac{1}{2}$ games in front.

Young Yankees. On the long end of 8-5 odds, the world champion Yankees have won 53 out of their last 72 games, put together a 10-game winning streak and still not been able to catch Cleveland. But no one ever worried about a Yankee outfit quitting: they have a long, proud record as year-end leaders.

Surprisingly, the Yankee youngsters are carrying the team. While old reliables such as Lopat and Reynolds have been taking their lumps on the pitching mound, Bob Grim, Eddie Ford, Harry Byrd, Tom Morgan and Jim McDonald have turned in 50 victories among them. Mantle, Noren and Skowron are living up to advance billing and outshining such veterans as Woodling and Collins. Now, in the stretch sprint, the Yankees will face teams that have been their cousins all season. If they take up their old, winning ways, professional Yankee haters will begin to worry that Casey Stengel will take his sixth pennant in a row.

Better Dodgers. In the National League, where a close race is a familiar affair, the Brooklyn Dodgers were once the bookmakers' favorite. Early this week, 10

would only get you nine that they would take the pennant. Counted out of the league after a disastrous midseason slump, they have been squeaking through the close ones, and have been hanging on, waiting for the Giants to come back to them. The Giants have all but obliged.

Meanwhile the Dodgers have been showing signs of a surge. Hodges has boosted his home-run record to 32, tiring Jackie Robinson has been holding his own at the plate and in the field, league-leading Batsman Duke Snider is belting the ball at a .353 clip. Young Billy Loes has begun to pitch almost as good a game as he talks; even Big Don Newcombe, a disappointment all season, has won a few. The odds are, say the heavy bettors, that the Dodgers will look better and better.

Erratic Giants. Odds against the unpredictable Giants are quoted at 6-5. At midseason they looked like a shoo-in. Then their pitching fell apart. Base hits were few and widely spaced. With consummate ease, the men from Coogan's Bluff came close to blowing a 7-game lead.

Then Manager Leo Durocher began to shift his line-up with frantic skill. His regulars started hitting. Pinch Hitter Dusty Rhodes did so well he earned a starting spot in the outfield. Willie Mays forgot all about home-run records and pieced together a 21-game hitting streak. And for the first time in six weeks, three Giant pitchers in a row (Maglie, Antonelli and Gomez) worked complete and winning games. As the week began, the Giants had a 4-game cushion, but the bookies were betting they could not stand the pace.

Brave Talk. The team that turned Wisconsin into a stateful of baseball maniacs drew the longest price of all: the Milwau-



BROOKLYN'S SNIDER
A sign of a surge.



NEW YORK'S MAYS
A cushion on the bluff.

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Braves were a 4½-to-1 shot not to make the grade. The Braves started slow: in July they were 15 games out of first place. Then they moved up dramatically. Wilson and Conley were pitching and winning regularly. Pafko, Adcock and Bruton were connecting at the plate. Bobby Thomson was pinch-hitting at a remarkable clip. In a single month, the Braves won 20 out of 22 games. By the middle of this month, they were within 3½ games of the Giants. Milwaukee fans had blazing visions of the 1914 Miracle Braves, 15 games out and in last place at midseason, winners in September. During a home game, said one New York reporter, Milwaukee's County Stadium was an insane asylum with bases. But this week, although loyal Milwaukee fans were still sure that the Braves had a chance, the 1914 visions got dimmer. The Braves lost 4 out of 6, stood 7½ games behind the Giants.

Now, as they watched the wild stretch drive, all ball fans began to wonder about one more statistic: the schedule. There was still a chance for frustrated second-division clubs to rough up the leaders and scramble the odds. But while the race went on, baseball was the hottest show in town.

Dancer's Exit

The Grey Ghost had come back. Last week, at Saratoga Springs, Native Dancer, one of the finest thoroughbreds ever to run on an American track, went to the starting gate (in a beltless race) for the first time since May and romped home a winner. The champ seemed fit and fully recovered from the bruised foot that forced him into temporary retirement (TIME, June 7).

But this week, after an early-morning workout, misfortune came back to dog the Dancer. He pulled up lame again, and Owner Alfred Vanderbilt finally decided to call it quits. In three years and 22 starts, the Big Grey had lost only one—the 1953 Kentucky Derby—and earned \$785,240. Said Vanderbilt: "He will not race again, and will enter stud at the Sagamore Farm in Maryland next spring."

Scoreboard

¶ In San Francisco's Cow Palace, Honolulu-born Carl ("Boho") Olson weighed in a half-pound over the 160-lb. limit before defending his middleweight championship against Rocky Castellani, took an hour to sweat himself down to size, then chased Castellani around the ring for 15 uninspired rounds and kept his title. ¶ At Chicago's Washington Park, Joseph Gavagnano's rangy bay colt Errard King raced to a three-length lead in the final furlong of the \$115,250 American Derby, finished strong to hold off the fast closing favorite, High Gun.

¶ At London, Ont., North Carolina Auto Salesman Harvie Ward Jr., 29, made up for a day of poor putting with consistent and spectacular iron shots, beat his American Walker Cup teammate, Bill Campbell, 5 and 4, for the Canadian Amateur Golf Championship.



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What brought about this decision? The times in which we live . . . times which witnessed a clear change in family life in America.

For the first time in our history the majority of the people own their own homes. Today we travel more, earn more, spend more, save more, read more, worship more. And most significant of all, we're doing all these things *together* . . . as a *family* sharing a common experience.

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Two years ago Firestone announced a new tire—the new Transport. This tire started to set mileage records from the very start and has continued to do so. It had the strongest body ever built into a truck tire. Tire growth and tread cracking were licked by Firestone's new Super-Safti-Dipped Cord Body. A new, wider,

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THE WORLD OVER



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→ TIME

EDUCATION

More Room in the Rhodes

Since it was originated in 1902, the Rhodes Scholarship Trust has selected only one U.S. Negro as a Rhodes scholar[®] and has never granted a scholarship to a student in a Negro college. Last week came word of a change in policy. Beginning next term, Tennessee's Fisk University will become the first U.S. Negro college to take part in the Rhodes scholarships.

Gentlemen from Virginia

Thomas Jefferson's fine old University of Virginia is a state-run institution, but it has long maintained the flavor of a small, exclusive private college. Traditionally, it has drawn more big wheels from prep schools than public schools, has been the happy hunting ground for sons of the F.F.V.s (First Families of Virginia) and members of the F.F.U. (First Fraternities of the University). But in recent years the gentleman-s-club tradition has found itself challenged by a serious-minded administration and by a more down-to-earth sector of the student body. Last spring the campus erupted in a controversy that has since engulfed administration, students, the F.F.V.s—and has shaken Charlottesville to its historic foundations.

The lid blew off with a sex scandal. On a hilarious Saturday night following the traditional varsity-alumni football game, a student brought a girl into East Lawn dormitory. During the night a dozen students and alumni were in and out of the room; when the girl finally got home Monday, her socially prominent parents called the university in outrage.

© Philadelphia's Main LeRoy Locke, Harvard 1907, who finished his three-year Oxford studies in 1910, later became a professor of philosophy at Washington, D.C.'s Howard University, died last year.

To Richard Fletcher, 47, director of student affairs, fell the job of investigation; he swiftly recommended disciplinary action. Virginia's able President Colgate Darden, one-time state governor, heard the evidence, expelled four undergraduates, suspended seven more for one year and withheld the diploma of a recent graduate. A special investigating committee of the university's board of visitors backed him up. So did the full board in principle, although it shortened some of the suspensions.

Countercampaign. Normally, the matter would have ended right there, but the issue of the punishment was, by now thoroughly entangled in the effort to defend tradition. Most of the suspended students came from distinguished families and the families hired distinguished lawyers to carry on the fight. Meanwhile, a group of students led by newly elected Student Council President William L. Tazewell began a countercampaign to get Fletcher fired from his job of student director. At semester's end Tazewell reported to his council: "A majority of the student body have neither faith . . . nor trust in . . . the administration."

In June the board of visitors discussed the case again, and tried mightily to postpone the issue until fall by asking its committee to bring in another report Sept. 10. But Tazewell's anti-administration forces continued their attack during summer school. Last week 24 members of the faculty openly joined the battle for the first time, issued a statement publicly backing the administration.

Smug Group. In his campus office President Darden, 57, a broad-shouldered, good-humored man, made no attempt to duck the basic issues. Said he: "There is a deep-seated cleavage over my purpose to relate the university to the public-school system of the state. It disturbs the smug



VIRGINIA'S FLETCHER & DARREN
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Smoke longer and finer and milder PALL MALL

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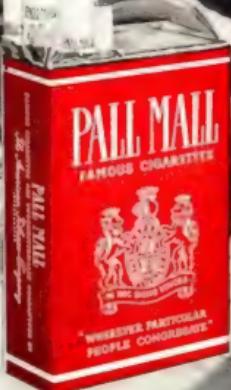
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group that wants to maintain a self-satisfied and narrow view of the university. They want to make it a sort of Princeton in the absurd social sense in which Princeton is pictured sometimes, a sort of F. Scott Fitzgerald Princeton.

"If the university remains a small, smug club, it is of much less value to the people and the state and it does the students a disservice. They fail to realize that the university must serve as the capstone for public education in Virginia if it is to realize its destiny and the purpose of its founder. Those who quote Jefferson on liberty forget that when Jefferson was rector, he expelled 14 students out of a total enrollment of 84 after a riot in 1825. If you have liberty, you must also accept the responsibility of self-discipline."

To Help Spend Money

Of the thousands of tax-free, philanthropic foundations in the U.S., one of the newest and most provocative is the Fund for the Republic. The fund was established 20 months ago as a separate entity by the Ford Foundation and granted \$1 million for the support of "activities directed toward the elimination of restrictions on freedom of thought, inquiry and expression in the U.S., and the development of policies and procedures best adapted to protect these rights." With energetic Educator Robert M. Hutchins as its president,⁹ the Fund for the Republic has made two sizable grants so far: \$240,000 to the Southern Regional Council for its work in interracial relations; \$40,000 to the American Bar Association for an analysis (highly critical, it turned out) of the operations of Congressional investigating committees.

Last week Hutchins created a new office of fund vice president and named the man to fill it: Public Relations Man W. H. ("Ping") Ferry, 43, son of Packard Motor Car Co.'s sometime Board Chairman Hugh J. Ferry, a former teacher and newsman. Ferry worked with the International Labor Organization, OPA and the C.I.O.-P.A.C. during New Deal days. In 1945 he joined Manhattan's public relations firm of Earl Newsom & Co., where his duties included writing speeches for Henry Ford II and doing "think work" for the Ford Foundation. He is, says Hutchins, "the kind of man I need for vice president . . . an interesting and interested man."

With Ferry stationed in Manhattan and Hutchins dividing his time between Manhattan and Pasadena, Calif. (where the fund is housed in a mansion with swimming pool, originally purchased by the Ford Foundation for West Coast headquarters), the fund will soon speed up the spending of its self-liquidating millions. One controversial project looming on Hutchins' list may well demand the counsel of a public-relations expert: a look at censorship, boycotting and blacklisting activities in radio, television and movies.

⁹The second. The first: New Jersey's Congressman Clifford Case, who quit last March to run for the Senate on the Republican ticket.

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas



Neiman-Marcus, internationally famous Dallas specialty store, uses Burroughs Sensimatic Cycle Billing Machines in its accounts receivable section, and is extremely well pleased with their operation.

John Wanamaker

Philadelphia



John Wanamaker, founded in Philadelphia and famed throughout the world, considers the Burroughs Sensimatic ideally suited to handle its cycle billing of customer accounts. Thousands of regular, budget and revolving credit bills are processed through these machines each month. Sensimatics "produce volume and variety with ease."

THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY

Detroit



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Simpson's

TORONTO



The Robert Simpson Company Limited of Toronto, Canada, internationally famous for its slogan "You'll enjoy shopping at Simpson's," says "Our use of Burroughs Sensimatic accounting machines on an efficient customer billing system contributes to greater customer satisfaction."

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Meeting the need for better zinc-coated steels with this new continuous galvanizing line

National Steel's continuous improvement of plant and product is exemplified in this painting of a new continuous galvanizing unit recently installed at Weirton Steel Company, a National Steel division. In this 70-foot long unit, steel enters at one end, is automatically cleaned, annealed, and zinc-coated, to emerge at the other end in galvanized sheets or coils.

Galvanizing results in a product that combines the strength of steel with the corrosion-resistance of zinc, a job that National Steel's new continuous line does superbly well. In addition, the line turns out a product greatly superior to

galvanized material made by conventional pot dip methods. For in this new galvanized steel, the bond between zinc coat and steel is so tight that sheets can be formed, bent, drawn or stamped without danger of the surface flaking, cracking or peeling.

Here, as in many other fields, National Steel demonstrates its forward-looking philosophy . . . a philosophy that calls for constant improvement of products

and the methods by which they are made. This is National Steel—entirely integrated, completely independent—one of America's leading steel producers.

New Color Film Now Available

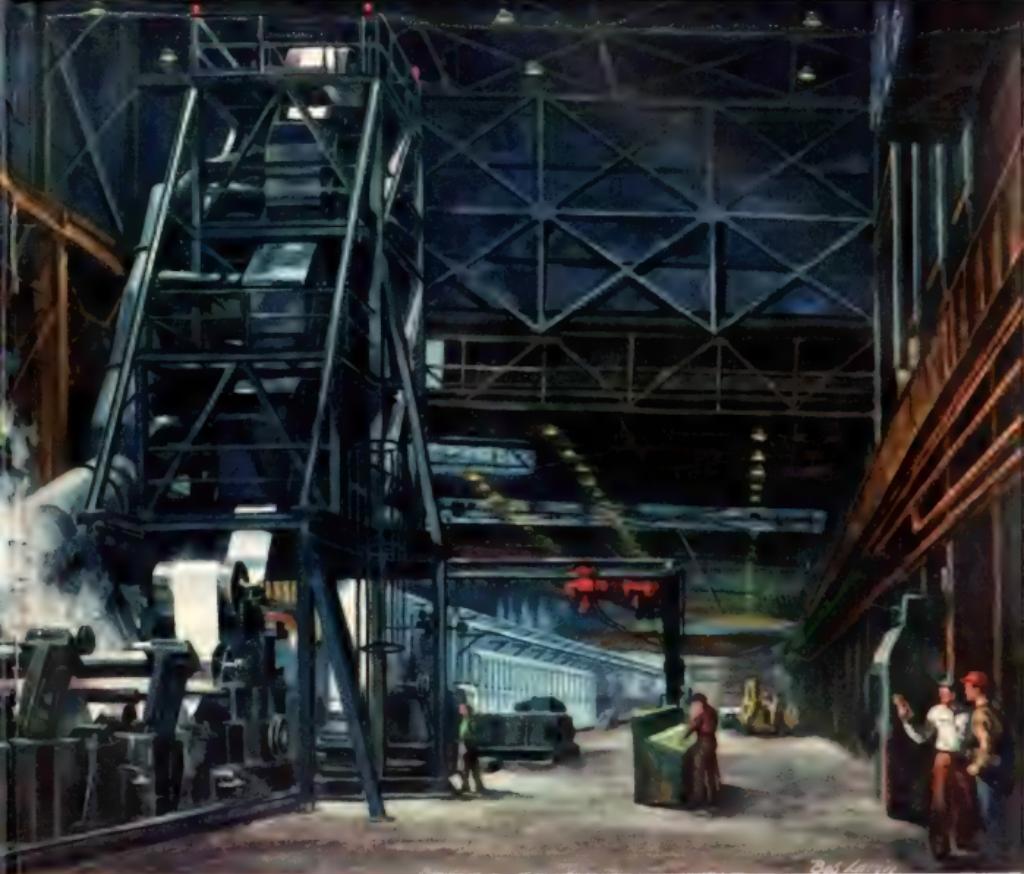
"Achievement in Steel" . . . a new 16-mm color film telling the dramatic story of steel is now available to organized groups. To obtain this film for your group, write to "Achievement," National Steel Corporation, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

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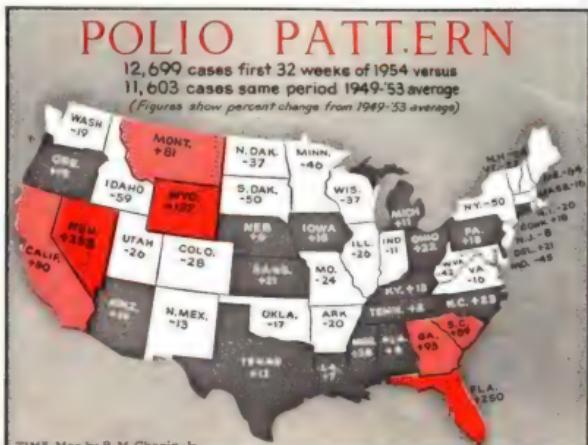
MEDICINE

Battle Report

While volunteers toiled toward their goal of \$20 million in the emergency March of Dimes, public-health workers pored over their figures last week, trying to decide how bad the 1954 polio epidemic would be. Polio strikes are so variable (not only from year to year, but between regions of the U.S. and even between adjoining states) that the experts could see no overall trend, and the year's peak for the disease outbreaks may still be ahead. This much was certain: in 1954 the reported cases have totaled 12,699—7% less than the comparable period last

an average 350 U.S. citizens fall ill and 13 die each year from trichinosis.

This year hog farmers finally took action. Reason: vesicular exanthem, a disease of hogs that, unlike trichinosis, is not transmissible to human beings. Reports the University of Michigan's Professor Arthur Dearth Moore in the A.M.A. Journal: "This virus disease spread in the country at wildfire rate . . . through the feeding of raw garbage. [It] not only hit the large herds of the garbage-feeders but, because of its infectiousness, quarantines were called for that [also] stopped the shipping of grain-fed swine out of many areas. That af-



year, but 4% more than the period's average for the last five years.

Continuing a recent trend, the northeastern states showed heartening declines in polio case rates (see map). In the southeast, Florida stood out as a plague spot. California's total was boosted by the local epidemic in Los Angeles. In sparsely populated states, relatively few cases justified an epidemic rating—e.g., Wyoming with 98 and Nevada with 60. Most hopeful factor in the situation was the absence of severe polio outbreaks in most of the Middle West, which had been hard hit for several years. For the U.S. as a whole, statisticians figured that an individual's chance of being attacked by paralytic polio before age 20 was less than one in 500, and of dying from the disease, about one in 2,000.

People & Pigs

Public-health workers know that trichinosis could be virtually wiped out if the feeding of uncooked garbage to pigs could be stopped. But using cooked garbage is an expensive proposition, and hog farmers have long refused to comply. Meanwhile,

affected the farmer's pocketbook. Without hesitation, the farmers turned on the legislators, and most . . . responded with a speed and unanimity . . . seldom witnessed. Laws forbidding the feeding of uncooked garbage to hogs are now on the statute books of 43 states.

Emotions, Sex & Cancer

Medical men are turning up more and more evidence that there is a connection between the emotions and cancer. Research teams (in Chicago, in Manhattan and at U.C.L.A.) studied cancer patients to find out what sort of psychological makeup they had before they developed the disease. They soon found that the average victim of breast or prostate cancer was unable to express such basic drives as anger, aggressiveness, or sexual impulses, suffered from an inner turmoil "covered over by a façade of pleasantness."

In *Psychosomatic Medicine*, California's Dr. Eugene M. Blumberg and his colleagues report on patients with a wide variety of cancers: "We . . . were impressed by the polite, apologetic, almost

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MOTHER KNOWS BEST

ANY topnotch psychologists and psychiatrists have been edging up to the revolutionary idea that perhaps they are not, after all, the Supreme Court in matters of child rearing: giving parents a rigid set of rules on how to raise their kids might be all wrong. At a Toronto mental-health congress in the last two weeks, this feeling reached a climax: mother and father know best.

The learned delegates stressed the need for more effective psychiatric help in cases where parents fail to accept and love a child or to help it develop a sense of individuality. But top authorities roundly denounced some of their own colleagues and non-professional pundits who had bullied parents into raising children "by the book." Outstanding views:

Dr. Gerald Caplan of the Harvard School of Public Health: "We are beginning to realize that there are no rigid prescriptions for successful personality development—as, for example, whether the child should be breast-fed or bottle-fed, given early or late toilet training, disciplined by spankings or not. These things have different meanings in different families. A healthy parent-child relationship is characterized by sensitivity to the child's individual needs at any particular moment [which may be] in the realm of freedom or control."

Dr. Karl S. Bernhardt of Toronto's Institute of Child Study: "The rapid changes in the nature of advice to parents about child rearing . . . have led some to question whether parent education is desirable at all . . . Parent education which made parents more comfortable with their children, which helped them to understand them better and accept them more adequately could be valuable . . . Parent education which focuses too narrowly on techniques could produce anxieties, feelings of guilt and tensions in parents."

Dr. Hilde Bruch, child psychiatrist at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons and author of *Don't Be Afraid of Your Child*: "It seems to me the time has come to leave mother and child alone . . . Parents are the persons they are and they cannot be dealt with in an abstract or dictatorial way, like puppets . . .

"The outstanding common factor of the many different approaches is the recklessness with which they are recommended as the 'best' for the future development of 'a child' without an effort having been made to verify these predictions. Yet they are presented to parents as scientific facts, often with the implied or open threat that any neglect might injure the child and result in neurosis in the dim and distant future. Many child-psychology theorists talk with the voice of an oracle predicting future doom . . .

"[Our] overreacher compulsion to do something, and to do it fast, has led to . . . a belief that there are absolute answers that can be applied to all children the world over. Whatever solutions have been propagated as a new white magic, they relate at best to a nonexistent, generic abstraction called 'The Child,' but not to real children who grow up in families, with all their traditional restrictions and difficulties but also traditional emotional support."

Dr. Benjamin W. Spock of the University of Pittsburgh pediatrician and author of the bestselling *Common Sense Book of Baby and Child Care*: "When the best parents . . . permit one kind of behavior and forbid or punish another we know—or ought to know—that they express these attitudes spontaneously, unthinkingly, immediately. It is the troubled parents who have to stop and think what they ought to do or what the experts say they ought to do . . .

"The job of rearing children in America has been made more difficult, especially for less secure parents, by a number of factors . . . [America] has dissolved tradition at an uncomfortably rapid rate . . . Any tradition, even one which has elements we consider psychologically undesirable . . . will work better . . . than a conflict of traditions or no tradition at all . . . In child-rearing, scientists have been struggling to delineate what good parents, from the beginning of the human race, have learned without effort before they were five years old."

Kenneth E. Priestley, the University of Hong Kong's professor of education: "Parents might be better employed playing with their children in the backyard than attending lectures by a psychiatrist."



painful acquiescence of the patients with rapidly progressing disease, as contrasted with the more expressive and sometimes bizarre personalities of those who responded brilliantly to therapy with long remissions and long survival."

Another team, Drs. James H. Stefferson and William J. Grace of New York Hospital, compared 100 women with cancer of the cervix and 100 with cancer not involving the reproductive system. They found that sexual adjustment among the cervix cancer victims had been poor long before they developed the disease; they had had less intercourse than the others and rarely enjoyed orgasm. In many cases there was actual aversion for the sexual act, and their marriages had been troubled as indicated by a much higher rate of divorce, desertion or separation. Their cancer, the doctors suggest, might have been caused by physiological changes which occur in the cervix during emotional stress (e.g., change in blood flow and secretions, varying stimulation of the nerves).

Concluded the U.C.L.A. researchers: "Our impression is that the very development of cancer in man might conceivably result from the physiological effects of inner stress which has remained unresolved by either outward action or successful adaptation."

Capsules

¶ An armor vest was recommended for U.S. civil defense by Army doctors reporting on its success in Korea. There, the 8-lb. nylon vest defeated two-thirds of all body hits by shell fragments or low-velocity bullets. The doctors reason that it should work as well in bombed cities where most injuries are caused by flying debris.

¶ Instead of waiting to compile statistics on what people die of, the Washington State Health Council ran a survey to find what makes them go to a doctor at any time of life. Main findings: they go an average of 4.8 times a year, and the commonest reason (one-sixth of all visits) is for a checkup. Though heart and artery diseases are the leading cause of death, they rank fourth among reasons for seeing the doctor: mental illness is fifth.

¶ The controversial enzyme trypsin (TIME, Jan. 18) got a boost from doctors in Philadelphia General Hospital: injected into the buttocks, it is the best treatment yet for a black eye. It leaves the rainbow hues as gorgeous as ever, but it reduces swelling "in a manner verging on the dramatic."

¶ British researchers reversed the usual order, tried a dog-reducing diet on humans first. Rusks fortified with calcium and amino acids, they found, will streamline anything from a Falstaff-size human to a dachshund in two weeks.

¶ A machine called the Arithrometer, about the size of a table radio, has been developed at Boston Blood Grouping Laboratory to count the cells in a patient's blood. Using a simple mechanical scanner, it is more accurate than the fallible human eye and brain, reduces the counting time from five minutes to a minute.



America's first jet transport is in the air

This is America's first jet transport, pictured on the historic occasion of its first flight. When it lifted off the runway at Boeing's Renton, Washington, plant, it marked a milestone in the field of aerial transportation in this country.

The airplane you see is a prototype model, built to carry forward flight test work and to demonstrate the advantages of its advanced design. Faster than any previous transport by more than 100 m.p.h., it can span the continent in five hours, the Atlantic in seven.

In a tanker version, the new Boeing will be able to accompany jet bombers and fighters on their missions and refuel them in flight at their most efficient speeds and altitudes. And as a military transport, it will provide a vital personnel and cargo supply line geared to the speed requirements of all-jet military operations.

The new jet—to be known as the Stratotanker in its military configuration, and as the Stratoliner in its commercial version—is now undergoing intensive flight tests at Seattle. These tests will enable Boeing to prove out

all details of the design, systems and installations. The experience gained in building and test-flying the prototype has an additional advantage. It makes possible delivery of a better production model, at a much earlier date than would be possible without such specific prototype experience.

America's first jet transport is backed by Boeing's unequalled experience in the field of large, multi-jet aircraft. It is backed, too, by Boeing's 38 year history of designing and building advanced aircraft of remarkable performance and dependability.

BOEING

MUSIC

New Opera at Salzburg

Along with its brilliant revivals of Mozart and Richard Strauss, the Salzburg Festival likes to present new operas by contemporary composers. But again and again, the living composers sound less alive than the dead. This year's opera: *Penelope*, by Switzerland's promising Rolf Liebermann, 43, music director of Radio Zurich. Last week the work opened in a brilliant production, made a less than brilliant impression on audience and critics.

Composer Liebermann got his idea from a news clipping he read two years ago. Blending it with Homer's *Odyssey*, librettist Heinrich Strobel wove a modern story about a war widow (*Penelope*) who remarries, then hears that her husband (*Ulysses*) is still alive and about to return. When she goes to meet him at the station, she finds he has died on the way; and when she goes back home to her second husband, she finds that he has committed suicide in the meantime to save her from an impossible dilemma.

Liebermann's music was ably written in a palatably underplayed twelve-tone technique, and contained such novelties as a jitterbug scene with boogie-woogie background. Nevertheless, first-nighters felt it was low on drama and without a decisive style of its own. Despite the efforts of Conductor George Szell and the cast, the audience clapped coolly. Success of the evening: Star Christl Goltz, who sang *Penelope* with the cold but brilliant voice that has made her one of the finest dramatic sopranos on the Continent. Her own feeling about *Penelope* differed from the majority: "We can be thankful that a modern work is as strong as this. The world goes on. We can't always be singing *Salomé*, *Aida* and *Rigoletto*."

Requiem at Tanglewood

To Hector Berlioz, the ideal orchestra consisted of 242 strings, 30 grand pianos, 30 harps, legions of wind players and (according to 19th century ways) a few heavy mortars. He was never able to command such an aggregation, but several times he came close, notably in his most magnificent score, the *Grande Messe des Morts* (*Requiem*). That opus calls for a 240-member chorus, full symphony orchestra, four separate brass choirs (labeled according to the points of the compass), plus a battery of 16 kettledrums. Few of today's symphonies can afford to stage the work. At Tanglewood, Mass., last week, Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra undertook the task, and the result was some of the loveliest (and loudest) music that ever echoed through the Berkshire hills.

Heavenly Gesture. The performance was not only a resounding windup for Tanglewood's most successful season in its 17 years; it was a special victory for Composer Berlioz (1803-69). The respectable musical world has long regarded him as the giant who never grew up, an uneven talent full of romantic excesses ("Berlioz," mocked his fellow composer Franz Liszt, "liked to fancy himself draining Death's chalice to the dregs in a gloomy cavern, surrounded by Italian bandits, and gasping out a final curse upon mankind"). But slowly the critical tide has been turning. This year, following the 150th anniversary of his birth, orchestras across the U.S. have played more Berlioz than ever before. Tanglewood alone performed eight compositions—including the huge choral *Te Deum* and the *Romeo and Juliet* symphony—before the *Requiem*.

In Tanglewood's huge, open-sided Mu-



COMPOSER BERLIOZ
The giant grew up.

sic Shed last week, before a crowd of nearly 9,000. Conductor Munch touched his knuckles in a gesture of supplication, and gave the downbeat for what Berlioz called a "musical cataclysm."

The first of the ten movements is a prayer for eternal peace, full of heart-sights and dazzling sunbursts. The second (*Dies Irae*) begins with an insistent, plodding motif in the chorus, building up to a break-off point when the four brass bands join in. At the work's first performance (so Berlioz claimed), the conductor stopped at that point and had a pinch of snuff, while Berlioz himself leaped to the podium to save the performance. Conductor Munch last week took no chance: faulty entrances, had his warning arm pointing straight toward heaven four hours ahead. The brass bands broke loose (they were placed in the auditorium, giving a kind of stereophonic effect); they sounded for all the world like the trumps of doom.

Cathedral Hush. Everything followed might be expected to be anticlimactic, but Berlioz achieves perhaps his greatest effects in the quieter passages that grip the heart after all the thunder. The opening *Sanctus* calls for a tenor solo in which, in a dazzling piece of orchestration, the single, defenseless human voice is set off against the relentless clash of cymbals and in the sweet, concluding *Amen*. There are chilling traces of jagged page rhythms (later used by Stravinsky). Conductor Munch tenderly and forcefully drove toward the end, spinning out the *Amen* with a loving final touch. A cathedral hush hung beneath the bare stone pillars; then the crowd leaped up and cheered.

It was not the first time that the *Requiem* stirred an audience. When it happened in France 50 years ago, the conductor finally turned to the crowd and said sternly: "There can be no encore on the Day of Judgment."



SCENE FROM "PENELope" (SEATED LEFT, SOPRANO GOLTZ)
The world goes on.



"May I borrow a cup of sugar, Mrs. Fawcett?"

Great American businesses have a habit of being born in unpretentious places. Edison, you recall, created the electric light in a basement. Ford built the first "Lizzie" in a backyard. The Wallaces midwifed The Reader's Digest upstairs over a garage.

A kitchen in Minneapolis certainly fits such modest company. Were you an inquisitive neighbor, back there some 35 years ago, a strange sight would have met your eyes. For there was a young housewife, busily wrapping magazines while two boys loaded them into their red coaster wagons, and rushed them to Twin City newsstands, drug stores and hotels.

The housewife—Mrs. Claire Fawcett. The magazine—her husband's brain-child, "Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang," one of America's great magazines of humor, bellwether of more than sixty Fawcett publications to follow. The boys—"Buzz" and Roger.

Their delivery system—the forerunner of one of

the country's largest independent magazine distributors. Pioneer, too, of a Fawcett policy of discouraging paid-in-advance subscriptions. Fawcett has never competed with the dealers of its products, always sent its customers to them.

Fawcett magazines have had to meet the reader's critical measure, month by month, on America's newsstands. Fawcett circulation operations have been consistently profitable. No advertiser has ever carried a penny of circulation cost on his shoulders for the price he paid for a page in a Fawcett publication.

Fawcett, like many publishers, put on fat in the '40's. Unlike many, it has drastically cut it off—while the '50's are yet young. Fawcett's primary concern is more than ever with net values—for the reader, for the advertiser, for the newsdealer. Fawcett is out to lead, not to follow. You'll feel this, too, as you talk to enthusiastic Fawcett men. It's in the air . . .

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Look what's happening in metals

THE "AGELES"

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CHRIST CHURCH IS A LESSON
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In 1837—when Christ Church was renovated—the elders voted to install a copper roof.

And except for a few sheets—recently replaced with Anaconda Copper where the wooden understructure was repaired—this roof is still in service. The elders made a wise investment—for copper's economy can best be measured by generations and centuries.

In the life of this roof—and almost all roofs—the ever-present enemies are sun, rain, snow, frost, ice, and alternate heat and cold.

Wind stuffs wet fingers in tiny cracks. Frost can crumble masonry. Damp nights, salt air, and corrosive atmosphere impair most metals and materials. But copper lasts—weathering to a beautiful blue-green patina, soft as silk in sunlight.

Anaconda's contribution

Today, new types of construction create new problems that in turn, make necessary new forms of copper, new copper roofing products, and new application methods.

WEATHER-TIGHT COPPER ROOF on Christ Church in Philadelphia is well into its second century of service. Interlocked seams allow for movement due to expansion and contraction as temperature changes.

S" ROOF

To meet these problems, engineers of The American Brass Company (an Anaconda subsidiary) have applied the experience of 142 years. They have fabricated copper products of the highest quality. They have worked out many special products . . . to keep water from seeping down parapet walls, to roof or flash small and medium-size homes and industrial buildings economically, to make large roofs almost time-proof with copper of appropriate thickness and temper, and to seal out moisture, heat, vapor and dampness with thin, paper-backed "Electro-Sheet" copper. And, finally, they have carefully developed improved designs for the proper installation of all types of copper roofing and flashing—designs available to all.

Do it now . . . with copper

Your architect or local sheet metal contractor will be glad to tell you more about the practicability of copper for roofing and flashing any building where low upkeep and permanence are important—church or convention hall, factory or farm, hospital or home, school or store. And Anaconda is ready at all times to cooperate in giving you, your architect or contractor full technical advice. Write to The American Brass Company, Waterbury 20, Connecticut.

There's plenty of copper for roofing; and no need to accept substitutes now or for years to come. Copper and quality are synonymous in building. Yet no metal is more economical—really economical in the long run. Ageless copper is the metal that talks back to time.



"MINIATURIZATION." That's the word for making electrical equipment smaller, lighter, less bulky—yet with equal or greater performance characteristics. Many manufacturers of wire-wound equipment such as relays, transformers and electric motors (illustrated above) are working wonders in space-weight- and cost-saving by using heat-resistant magnet wires such as Anaconda Wire & Cable Company's Silicone Bonded Vitreox.[®]

ANACONDA

PRODUCERS OF: Copper, zinc, lead, silver, gold, platinum, cadmium, vanadium, selenium, uranium oxide, manganese ore, ferrimanganese and superphosphate.

MANUFACTURERS OF: Electrical wires and cables, copper, brass, bronze, and other copper alloys in such forms as sheet, plate, tube, pipe, rod, wire, forgings, stampings, extrusions, flexible metal hose and tubing.

BIG CAKE. This copper casting wheel at International Smelting and Refining Company—an Anaconda subsidiary at Perth Amboy, N. J.—is the world's largest. It casts cakes of copper weighing up to 3000 pounds. These huge cakes can be rolled into larger plates and longer unjointed coils. Such coils enable users to operate machines more economically—with fewer interruptions.



THE PRESS

The Bridge Expert

Around the city room of the New York *Daily Mirror*, Photographer Bob Wendlinger is known as "The Bridge Expert." Two years ago he chased a police call to Manhattan's George Washington Bridge, arrived in time to get a memorable, prize-winning picture of a young Negro twisting from the outstretched hands of a priest and plunging to his death 250 ft. below (TIME, March 10, 1952). Last week, cruising in the *Mirror's* radio car, Wendlinger got word of another suicide attempt. A despondent taxi driver called the paper's news desk and said that he was getting ready to jump off the Manhattan Bridge.

Photographer Wendlinger raced to the scene, arrived at the same time as the police. While other photographers stood by, Wendlinger hollered out, "I'm the guy you talked to on the phone." When he heard that, says Photographer Wendlinger, "it seemed to be a kind of bond with somebody" and he yelled down to have that guy sent up to talk to him." Wendlinger climbed up onto the 225-ft.-high bridge cable where the would-be suicide perched precariously.

For 15 minutes he talked to the man, finally convinced him not to jump. Then Wendlinger turned his camera over to a cop, extended a helping hand to the man and guided him to other waiting cops, who brought him down. Bridge Expert Wendlinger made only one mistake; he was so busy talking that he took no pictures. But another *Mirror* photographer took a front-page picture for his paper (see cut). The photographer: John Hearst Jr., 20 grandson of Founder William Randolph Hearst, and son and namesake of the Hearst-papers' assistant general manager.



PUBLISHER PROUVOST
He made a Match.



PHOTOGRAPHER WENDLINGER (CENTER) AT WORK
He made only one mistake.

The Life of Paris

In the complex world of French journalism, ownership of newspapers and magazines is often a closely guarded secret and political pasts something many publishers would rather not discuss. No one is more mysterious about his past or surer of his present than aging (60), aloof Jean Prouvost, whose *Life*-like picture weekly, *Paris-Soir* (circ. 1,160,000), is one of the biggest magazines on the Continent, and who also holds financial control of the conservative, respected *Figaro* (circ. 499,000), oldest daily in France. Among French newsmen and politicos, Publisher Prouvost has been called everything from the "obscene corruptor of the press" to "the savior of the fourth estate." But on one judgment all agree: Prouvost is the king of French publishing.

Last week, in his shabby headquarters near the Champs-Elysées, Publisher Prouvost was getting ready to reinforce his claim to the throne. He and his staff were reviving *Marie-Claire*, a woman's monthly something like the *Ladies' Home Journal* that before the war had more than a million readers.

Invasion. Prouvost made his mark in publishing the easy way. A wealthy wool producer, he bought a small daily in 1924, later bought another, *Paris-Soir*. By setting his editorial sights low, he pushed circulation high, made *Paris-Soir* the biggest (circ. 2,000,000) newspaper in prewar France. He branched out into magazines, brought out *Marie-Claire*, and in 1935, on the heels of *Life's* success in the U.S., converted struggling sports magazine, *Match*, into a thriving picture weekly. Prouvost went into politics with less success, was Minister of Information in the Reynaud government (1940) and briefly held the same job under Collaborationist Pétain. When the Nazis invaded France, they killed his two magazines but turned

Paris-Soir into their chief propaganda organ. Prouvost, who moved to South France, was accused of collaborating with the Germans and retaining control of the paper. But after the liberation an investigating court cleared him of the charge and Prouvost started his comeback.

His tainted newspaper never came again, but Prouvost's protégé, fiery, Editor Pierre Lazareff, filled the gap by starting *France-Soir* and making France's biggest daily (TIME, June 1947). In 1948 Prouvost launched *Match* again. For two years it lost money, gradually he picked up circulation and of the best staffs in Europe. Now *Match* has a well-paid, 120-man editorial and charges the highest advertising rates in France: \$4,000 for a black and white page, \$5,140 for color. In 1951, searching for a daily for himself, Prouvost bought control (49%) of *Le Figaro*, let editors run the paper with a free hand and stays far in the background.

Imagination. To most of his friends Prouvost is a mystery man. His small room with peeling wallpaper table covered with green baize cloth gives orders to a small, devoted group of deputies. *Matchmen* freely admit they use "American methods" to get stories in a country where most journalists operate with a maximum of tact and minimum of imagination. In Rome, the elevation of new cardinals, a *Match* photographer disguised himself as a pageboy, ushered visitors to their seats while he quietly snapped pictures of the ceremony with a camera hidden under robes.

Match's elaborate picture coverage includes everything from picture art on the Ezzard Charles-Rocky Marciano fight and Cinematress Dawn Addams to French colonial troubles in Tunisia. Publisher Prouvost curtly: "We put magazines for the average Frenchman."

in all America... NOTHING SO PRECIOUS

Many hours of many days, our junior citizens are either in school or traveling to and from school. Many of them make the trip in buses. And what a precious cargo these buses carry!

How reassuring it is, then, to know that the little passengers ride in sturdy steel buses. The bodies and supporting members of the buses often are fashioned out of Jalten—a light weight J&L Sheet Steel of exceptional strength.

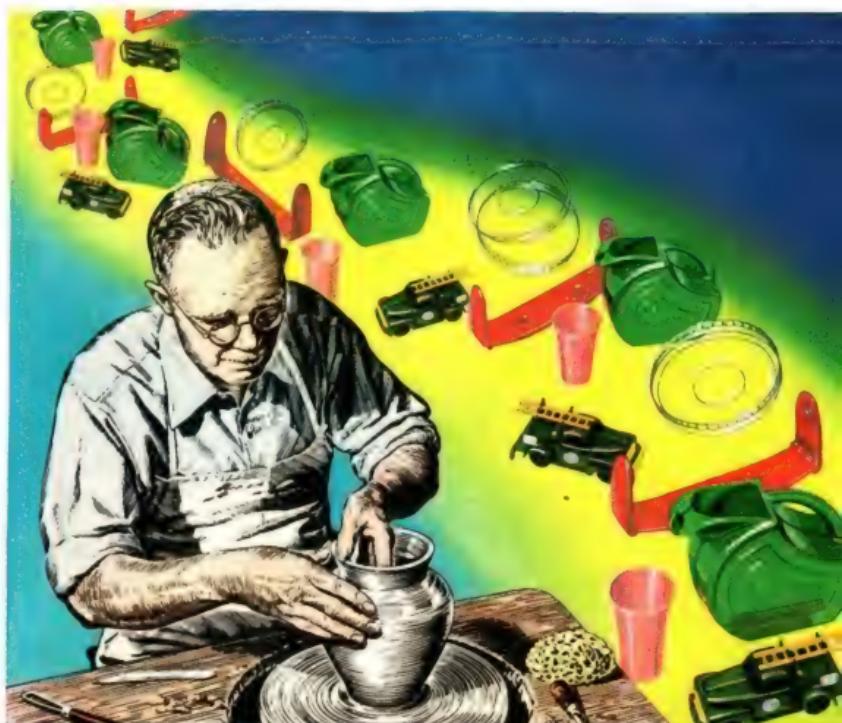
At school, many children nowadays spend their classroom hours in spacious steel-frame buildings. J&L Junior Beams may form the basic framework for these modern schools. Junior Beams are strong for their weight, and are adaptable to various designs.

The safety of school children is the first concern of the men who build their schools and buses. J&L shares this responsibility by supplying the carefully-tested, high-quality steels they need.



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Old Time Craftsmanship in a matter of minutes

EVERYONE admires the work of the old-time craftsman. From his littered shop came wares that smacked of great skill and tireless finishing. But, because he had to spend long hours on each piece, production was low and prices high.

It's different today. Plastic molders work hard designing their products, just like the old-time craftsman. But, once that's done, they make their labors pay off. Refrigerator inner doors, radio cabinets, housewares, toys, wall tile, and hundreds of other colorful, beautifully designed products come off the production line in great quantity and at attractive prices. Modern chemistry — and the wonderful new plastics that it has created — is the secret of the plastic molder's advantage over his counterpart of yesteryear. These new plastics can be molded into perfect

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To supply the plastics industry with the best quality molding materials, Koppers Chemists have developed a whole family of polystyrene plastics. Some are especially tough, others stand higher temperatures or are easier to mold. They all yield products that have

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Making plastics is just one way in which Koppers serves industry and you. Among its many products are chemicals, pressure treated wood, road materials, insulation coatings, insulators, bearing components, industrial fans and piston rings. Koppers also designs and constructs coke ovens, and integrated steel plants.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

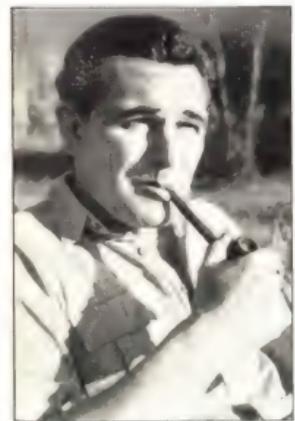
The Week in Review

A good deal of television seemed star-crossed last week—and the rest was tugged and buffeted by the ebb tides of summer.

In Hollywood, rehearsing for his show, Red Skelton plunged headlong into a "breakaway" door. It didn't break, and Red was hospitalized with concussion and a mild case of shock. Skelton seems to be growing accident-prone: last year he narrowly missed blowing off his head with a shotgun; last January he fell through a glass shower door, requiring 30 stitches in his arm; last April he sprained his back falling down a flight of stairs. This time, on only 30 minutes' notice, Nightclub Comic Johnny Carson (who is also M.C. of CBS's *Earn Your Vacation*) took over and did a very funny job, particularly in a doubletalk explanation of the economics of TV.

Toil & Trouble. In Manhattan, *Author Meets the Critics*—minus one critic—came on the air for a discussion of William Faulkner's *A Fable*. Author Frank (Five Gentlemen of Japan) Gibney arrived ten minutes late, breathing hard and blaming the New York New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Gibney's first comment was that he thought most readers would have difficulty understanding *A Fable*. In reply, Critic Irving Howe took a surprising potshot at his own publisher, Random House President Bennett Cerf, who also doubles as a humorist and a panelist on *What's My Line?* Noting that Publisher Cerf had praised *Fable*'s lucidity, Howe

♦ In show business, a "breakaway" (e.g., a vase, door, chair or bottle) is an object that is supposed to shatter harmlessly on impact—usually on someone's head.



BBC ANNOUNCER GRAY
Threats in the mail.

added: "If Bennett Cerf understands it, I'm sure that everyone else will."

The Morning Show, CBS's early-hour rival to NBC's successful *Today*, started the troublous week with a new star, dapper, 36-year-old Jack Paar, and a new format—fun and games instead of just news and weather. The fun turned out to be slightly repetitious. On his opening show Paar observed: "I went to Philadelphia once on a Sunday, but it was closed." The same joke turned up again on Friday. Paar's idea of early morning games included complaints about the placement of cameras and pretending to misunderstand the off-screen signals of his technical staff. After the first go-around *The Morning Show*'s co-Producer David Heilwell commented: "At least, Ernie Kovacs rehearses his confusion; Paar just creates it."

The Philco-Goodyear TV *Playhouse* had troubles both onstage and off. Last week's play, *Recoil*, by A. J. Russell, had a good plot (a nice guy wants to get through life without stepping on anyone, but his girl and events won't let him), an adequate cast, and uneven, but sometimes moving, writing. However, the actors had more than average difficulty remembering the words; even bright-eyed Susan Shaw, doing the Goodyear commercials, blew her lines.

Offstage, Producer Fred Coe, who has been responsible for putting on the air some of the finest new TV playwrights (e.g., Horton Foote and Paddy Chayefsky), had trouble over the *Playhouse* series: the advertising agency was upset by the lack of upbeat endings and the prevalence of Southern "mood" plays (Coe was born in Alligator, Miss.). Complained an admman: "One week there'd be a story about a blind old lady in Texas, and the next week a story about a blind young lady in Texas." This summer the *Playhouse* audience rating took a serious dip (usually it has been in or close to the Top Ten), and that, apparently, gave the admmen enough leverage to ease Coe's control of the show. Coe has been moved upstairs to the job of supervisor of production. Gordon Duff will replace him as producer.

Things were even getting a bit thick in London. BBC Announcer Donald Gray, a ruggedly handsome six-footer who lost an arm on the Normandy beachhead, has a deep, quiet voice that thrills British housewives (said one: "It makes me all relaxed to listen to him—I think he's smashing!"). Among his burling fan letters, Announcer Gray got an ominous note from an anonymous husband who claimed Gray had "mesmerized" his wife. The husband threatened to kill Gray unless he retired from TV. Last week another threatening letter arrived, this time setting the day for the execution: Aug. 25. Wrote the threatener: "I stake my life against his. He will not live the day . . . I promise BBC one thing—After August 24, a new television announcer." Said Gray, as



COMEDIAN CARSON
Opportunity in the doorway.

he agreed to Scotland Yard protection: "I am taking this seriously."

In & Out. The air was busy with the usual number of arrivals and departures: ♦ In Vermont, the only state in the union without a TV station, set owners have had to depend on uncertain reception from Canada and nearby states. This week Vermont's TV drought ends when Burlington's station WMVT begins broadcasting from a transmitter atop 4,392-ft. Mt. Mansfield.

♦ In Chicago, *Kukla, Fran & Ollie* found a new home on the ABC network. A standard NBC item since 1948, the gentle Burr Tillstrom show originally ran for half an hour, five times a week. Then it was cut to 15 minutes, and finally, limited to 30 minutes once a week. With a new sponsor (Gordon Baking Co.), the Kuklapolitan players will go back to their five-days-a-week format.

♦ On *What's My Line?* last week, Fred Allen replaced Steve Allen (no kin) as a panel member and sounded more like the old Fred than he usually has on TV—but not as sharp as the new Steve. To a resident of Long Island, Fred cracked: "Welcome to America!" and to a contestant, non-game-minded Allen said: "This is your first time on the show and it's my first time, so why don't you just tell me what you do?"

♦ In Los Angeles, the Gillette Safety Razor Co. struck a blow for the purity of singing commercials by filing a \$500,000 damage suit against a music company and a songwriter who had published the *Look-Sharp Be-Sharp March* based on the famed Gillette jingle.

♦ In Manhattan, Gordon Gray, general manager of station WOR, laid out \$510,000 for the purchase of recordings, including full-length Shakespearean plays and adaptations of novels by Dumas and Dickens. Recorded in Australia by U.S. British and Australian actors, the play-

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LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY - LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

will be heard in half-hour chunks five days a week, beginning in January.

End of the Road. Ordinarily, the best thing in summer TV is live drama. Last week two of the best were cut down in their prime. NBC's *The Marriage*, starring Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, bowed out. And *Suspense*, a five-year-old veteran, left the air when Sponsor Auto-Lite failed to renew its option. For most of its history, *Suspense* was a run-of-the-mill thriller, but in recent months had been far and away the best of its kind on TV. Last week *Suspense* put on *Burn Bright* by William Faulkner, dramatized by Novelist Gore Vidal. The story of a hyper-sensitive war veteran and sharecropper who will not let any man's arrogance to his own vindictiveness, the play was superbly acted by E. G. Marshall, Peter Cookson and Beatrice Straight. As the sharecropper's son, Charles Taylor was that rare thing on TV—a believable adolescent. The play was tightly directed by Robert Mulligan and produced by David Heilweil, who commented: "I'd been saving this one; I thought we might as well go out in a blaze of glory."

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Aug. 26. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Four Star Playhouse (Thurs., 8:30 p.m. CBS). Dick Powell on *The Test*.

Dragnet (Thurs., 9 p.m., NBC). Sergeant Friday in his new fall series.

Lux Video Theater (Thurs., 10 p.m. NBC). Dorothy McGuire in *To Each His Own*.

Canadian Football (Sat., 1:45 p.m. NBC). Toronto v. Ottawa.

Mickey Rooney Show (Sat., 8 p.m. NBC). New situation-comedy series, starring Mickey (age 33) as a page boy.

TV Recital Hall (Mon., 9 p.m., NBC). Violinist Tosio Spivakovsky.

President Eisenhower (Mon., noon CBS). Address to the American Legion Convention, Washington. Also on NBC radio at 8 p.m.

Armstrong Circle Theater (Tues., 9:30 p.m., NBC). Janet Blair in *The Beautiful Wife*.

See It Now (Tues., 10:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow returns to the air.

Boxing (Wed., 10 p.m., CBS). Ken Gavilan v. Johnny Saxton, for the welterweight championship, from Philadelphia.

RADIO

Transylvania Music Camp (Sat. 6:30 p.m., NBC). Symphony orchestra and chorus.

Two for the Money (Sat., 9 p.m., CBS). Herb Shriner back for fall series.

Adlai Stevenson (Sat., 10:30 p.m. NBC). Speech from Democratic Farm Conference at Sioux Falls, S.Dak.

World Music Festivals (Sun., 1:05 p.m. CBS). Haydn's *The Creation* by Amsterdam's Toonkunst Choir.

Theater Royal (Wed., 9:30 p.m., NBC). Sir Laurence Olivier in *The Canterbury Ghost*.



Taking the wheel of Hudson Motor Car Co.'s "Italia," N. K. VanDerzee, V.P. in Charge of Sales, explains:

How a new Hudson avoids traffic problems!

"Here is the new *Italia*—a look into the future and the latest member of the Hudson family which includes the Hornet, the Wasp, and the Jet," says N. K. VanDerzee.

"But new design naturally creates new traffic problems—in the factory. It's a big job to prevent parts shortages from stalling assembly lines. Air Express is a tremendous help."

"As our Traffic Department puts it: One phone call, and it's a load off our minds. Air Express delivers in a matter of hours. This dependable speed gives us the safety margin we need to keep production rolling. We handle about 2,500 lbs. a month by Air Express. Naturally, we're thinking about speed. But

our records show that most of our Air Express shipments also cost less than they would by any other air service!"

"Add to this the country-wide coverage and Air Express' ability to pinpoint shipments in transit, and you have some idea of why our Traffic Department turns to Air Express for our most urgent traffic."

"We in Sales are proud of our reputation for on-time deliveries of new cars. In large part, we owe that reputation to our Traffic Department—and Air Express."

It pays to express yourself clearly. Say Air Express! Division of Railway Express Agency.



Air Express

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PINTERS SAGE & TANGUY
Amid the bullrushes, hot and cold vertebrae.

Séance in Connecticut

*With the hurricane lamp
With the sawmill so busy it can no
longer be seen
With all the stars of hot blue words
With streetcars efaced except for
their trolley poles, which point in
all directions . . .
With the lightning zigzags describing
desert furniture . . .
That is the house of Yves Tanguy.*

Thus the high priest of surrealism, French Poet André Breton, once tried to describe the atmosphere of some of the strangest paintings ever created. Last week the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Conn., was staging a retrospective show of paintings by Yves Tanguy and his wife, Kay Sage.

Tanguy's art is odd, too. She pictures steel walls, draped with frozen washcloths, rising out of mud flats. "But people have seen the things I put in my paintings," she says. "No one ever saw the world Yves paints. He's perhaps the only true surrealist—almost like a medium."

The Same Old Desert. Famed Surrealist Painter Tanguy, 54, does not look like a medium—more like a country gentleman. Born in Paris at the turn of the century, Tanguy came to the U.S. in 1939,

married New York-born Painter Sage, became an American citizen. Their solidly luxurious country house in Woodbury, Conn., is completely unlike the artist's "house" of Breton's poem. There are a stone terrace built by Tanguy (a do-it-

yourself fan), a pond with decoy ducks, and a rowboat for "harvesting the bullrushes." Artist Tanguy works in a made-over barn. As he describes it, he simply stands before his easel and begins to paint—without plan, without thought of what he is doing. Says he: "I am still the prisoner of my skin while I am painting, but otherwise I am free."

As his 34 canvases in the Hartford show reveal, Tanguy has pictured the same desert, strewn with the same rubble, over and over again. His art has changed hardly at all in 20 years. His oils seem to represent hot and cold vertebrates, crystalline antennae and petrified blood vessels, heaped like Martian cairns in a dim wasteland. Tanguy lays no claim to imagination, boasts of having no purpose. Says he: "Seeking is the important thing, not painting. You may think painting is to show something new, but no: Picasso and Dalí do that, and they are monkeys. I don't want to show anything, or to teach anything. I've resisted learning all my life, and I don't propose to start teaching others now."

Dreams Like Wine. Tanguy's reputation is based on the stubbornly continuing popularity of surrealism, on the fact that most critics tend to praise anything they do not understand—and, most of all, on skill. It may be even harder to picture things the world never saw than to picture everyday things, yet Tanguy paints the odd detritus of his dreams as crisply, convincingly and decoratively as Chardin painted food and wine. He also has a literary flair. Tanguy's paintings may be practically interchangeable, but the obscure titles he gives them are varied and provocative—*Mama, Papa Is Wounded; Slowly Toward the North; Extinction of Useless Lights; Divisibility Undefined*.

Tanguy the country gentleman may be as baffled as anyone else by the products of Tanguy the painter. Baffled or not, he keeps on painting pictures that are almost all brilliantly done, decorative and mighty stimulating at first glance.

KNICKERED EAGLE

Nous avons nommé et nommons M. David notre premier peintre. ▶

THUS, in French blunt enough to be understood throughout his empire, Napoleon Bonaparte raised Jacques-Louis David to the heights. The Emperor's "first painter" had tasted glory before: a tradesman's son, he took part in the French Revolution, happily sketched victims going to the guillotine and became virtual art dictator of the republic under Robespierre. After Robespierre's downfall, he spent seven months behind bars. In 1804, the year of Napoleon's decree, David was 56 and a bit tired of ups and downs. Still, the emperor could not have made a better choice.

The portrait opposite, which has been purchased by the Kress Foundation for Washington's National Gallery, proves the point. Napoleon stands plump and solemn in the white satiny knickers and gold epaulets of a general of the Chasseurs of his own Imperial Guard. He wears dangling on a red ribbon the medal of the Legion of Honor, which he himself instituted. Every detail of the picture shows David's utter and icy control of his medium: the whole shows something more—his red-hot hero worship. For all its artificiality of costume and scene, his picture gives Napoleon the look of a lonely eagle and a great human force.

♦ We have named and name M. David our first painter.

DAVID'S "NAPOLEON IN HIS STUDY" ▶

TIME, AUGUST 30, 1954





More schools...faster...for fewer tax dollars!

Educators say that our nation's school system must have at least $\frac{1}{4}$ million new classrooms by 1960. School boards agree, but view time and money problems with alarm. Yet, in many communities, the answer has been found—*school buildings featuring aluminum construction!*

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ALCOA 

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Architect: Grassold-Johnson & Associates, Milwaukee, Wisc.
Associated with: The Board of School Directors, Fred E. Wegner, Architect, Milwaukee, Wisc.
Wall Facing: General Bronze Corporation, Long Island, N. Y.
Ornamental Metal: Reinke & Schomann, Inc., Milwaukee, Wisc.



Architect: Grassold-Johnson & Associates, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

SCIENCE

Portable Atomic Power

The development of atomic power, unlike the production of atomic weapons, has only recently begun to show signs of real progress. The few experimental nuclear power reactors now in operation (e.g., at Arco, Idaho and Oak Ridge, Tenn.) have yet to match conventional power plants in cost per kilowatt. Last week the Army and the Atomic Energy Commission announced plans for a significant practical advance in the field of atomic power: a compact 1,700-kilowatt nuclear power plant that can be broken down and airlifted piece by piece to U.S. bases overseas.

Officially dubbed the Army Package Power Reactor, the new device will generate enough power for a town (or military base) of 1,700. When fully assembled, it will fit into a building 42 ft. high but only 29 ft. wide by 80 ft. long (smaller than a standard Army barracks). To prove that an atomic power plant can be sufficiently tamed to live close to civilization, the Army will build the new model at the Army Engineer School at Fort Belvoir, Va., 18 miles down the Potomac from Washington. Estimated completion date: 1956 or 1957.

Despite its high initial cost of some \$8,000,000, the portable reactor looks like an eventual money-saver to the Pentagon. Remote U.S. bases, especially those in the Arctic, burn up vast amounts of oil for heat and diesel-generated electricity at a cost that sometimes reaches \$42 a barrel. Using the reactor and its enriched uranium fuel, the Pentagon could free ships and planes for other duties; 1 lb. of easily transported uranium contains as much energy as 6,350 barrels of fuel oil. AEC has another outlook on the project. Said one AEC physicist: "We are buying information as well as electric power."

Villainous California Sun

Dirt and grime alone are not responsible for Los Angeles' notorious, eye-stinging smog. The real villain is Southern California's much-touted sunshine, reports the Stanford Research Institute after a seven-year study.

In the stagnant air over the mountain-hemmed area, ordinarily harmless chemicals rise from factory chimneys, auto exhausts, backyard incinerators at the rate of 3,100 tons a day. Under strong sunshinethe chemicals react with one another and with molecules of ozone (O_3) to form a low-hanging, acrid pall, irritating to humans and damaging to crops.

Stanford's researchers have yet to discover exactly how ozone is formed. But they believe that it results from a photochemical reaction of sunlight and unknown materials in the air. Furthermore, as ozone increases, so does smog. Los Angeles' sunshine has made the atmosphere the most ozone-laden in the world: as high as 80 parts per 100 million parts of air. The solution to the Los Angeles smog

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problem, according to the Stanford scientists: find out which materials react with the sun to form ozone, filter them out before they reach the open air.

Continuing where the Stanford scientists left off, the Los Angeles area last week was launched on its biggest, most desperate smog investigation. For three months during the height of the smog "season," scientific teams will analyze some 700 air samples each day at ten different sampling stations spread through the area, will attempt to discover exactly what causes smog to form and how it spreads in grimy pall across the landscape. Cost of the investigation: \$100,000.

Spectrum

¶ The Soviet Union's famed Geneticist Trofim D. Lysenko, currently out of favor with his bosses, has tried hard—perhaps too hard—for a comeback. At a conference on farm problems, he backed a "new Russian agricultural discovery": plowless farming. Despite Booster Lysenko's proprietary enthusiasm, the technique (loosening soil with a disk harrow instead of plow-turning it over) is old hat to Western experts, has been tried experimentally in various parts of the U.S. for more than a decade.

¶ To avert surprise invasions by crop pests, the U.S. Department of Agriculture has developed fluorescent "lamp traps." Luring the "advance-guard" moths of cotton-destroying grubs (e.g., tobacco budworm, cotton bollworm) with near-ultraviolet "black light," the traps soon collect a representative catch, give farmers as much as three weeks' time to prepare countermeasures against each type of invader.

¶ Long regarded as an intruder at regular air bases, the military helicopter is coming into its own at Fort Eustis, Va., where the Army is constructing the world's largest helicopter airport. Built with an eye toward experimentation in loading and maintenance techniques, the \$970,000 airport looks like a superhighway cloverleaf intersection, boasts two 600-ft. asphalt runways (for heavily laden 'copters) and a giant, circular taxiway, surrounded by eight dust-free warmup "pads." In its specialized setting the Army hopes to devise methods for mass operation of cargo and troop-carrying 'copters with something close to aircraft-carrier speed and precision.

¶ An Air Force test plane broke the world's record for high-altitude flight, soaring higher than the 83,235-ft. mark reached by a Navy Douglas Skyrocket last year (TIME, Sept. 14). So reported Secretary of the Air Force Harold E. Talbott at an Air Force Association convention in Omaha last week. For security reasons, he refused to identify the new record-breaking plane, the pilot or the exact altitude reached. Best guesstimates: altitude: 86,000 ft. (17 miles) above sea level, probably reached by Bell's X-1A rocket test craft. An added feather in the Air Force cap: a B-47 jet bomber, refueled in flight, has set a new jet endurance record, staying aloft for 35 hours, traveling 17,000 miles nonstop.

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"Who are you to have come here?" asked the black-robed pastor.

From 120,000 people came the answer, chanted in chorus: "We are Christians. We have come from many different traditions."

"What is it to be Christian?" asked the pastor.

From the crowd in Chicago's moonlit Soldier Field came the thunderous answer, drowning the rumble of nearby traffic: "It is to believe in God the Father, in His only Son, our Lord, who is the Hope of the World; and in the Holy Spirit."

"Why have you come?"

"We have come to worship God."

With this solemn dialogue between France's Marc Boegner and the crowd at Soldier Field, the World Council of Churches last week dramatized the unity of Christians in a mammoth "Festival of Faith."

Home for the World. The delegates to the World Council's second Assembly had come from 48 countries to Chicago's suburb, Evanston (pop. 73,041), where comfortable houses sit well back from the elm-shaded streets and unfenced lawns flow comfortably together like the town's friendly citizens. Evanston has the Garrett Bible Institute, Northwestern University, the new headquarters of Rotary International and teetotal Prohibition. Last week homely Evanston was doing its best to make a home for Christianity.

White, black and brown faces beamed at each other over clerical collars. Open-shorted youth leaders from Europe, ascetic-faced priests, smiling Oriental ladies gathered in knots on street corners. Incongruous beside the traffic lights and parked convertibles moved icon-like faces, brown and bearded, with heavy gold chains and swirling robes. Clutching blue *Official Handbooks* printed in French, German and English, they hurried from hall to meeting room to auditorium to teas, shuttled in 20 buses along the long straggle of Northwestern's campus to the plenary sessions at McGaw Hall.

McGaw, a new, enormous, hangar-like structure next to Northwestern's football stadium, was built for indoor sports. At the first plenary session the 4,000-seat public section was packed solid with sweating, shirt-sleeved folk, but after the first long address in German (by Dr. Edmund Schlink—see below), the spectators began to melt away.

Toward the Center. There was much theological talk, but there was much, too, that could be understood by anyone. Such were the stirring words of the Archbishop of Canterbury, read for him (he was ailing) at Soldier Field by his friend Bishop Bell of Chichester. Excerpts:

"Movements may be as formless as a shifting fog, as destructive as a stream of lava, as senseless as a panic-stricken mob, as regimented to evil ends as Nazism, as

suicidal as the movements of the Gadarine swine. The ecumenical movement is a movement of free men all in one direction. It is a movement of churches toward their own center, a concentration of Christendom on Christ. Because we see through a glass darkly, because we get in each other's way a good deal, because we are sinners and because we are involved in the world's sins as well as our own, there is plenty of confusion still. But we move forward . . .

"The ecumenical movement is, by the Grace of God, a seeking by all the churches of what cannot be had in any other way—a new manifestation of Christ to His church and so to the world which He died to save."

The Word & Theology

It will take 6½ tons of Mimeograph paper to publish the reports, speeches and other documents that emanate from Evanston. The first week's harvest of paper produced some exciting debate.

On the Christian Hope. The Rector of Heidelberg University, Dr. Edmund Schlink of Germany's Evangelical Church, opened the discussion on the assembly's main theme: "Christ—the Hope of the World." Speaking for the characteristic European point of view, Professor Schlink saw Christ's salvation not of the world but out of it. "Christ is the end of the world," he said. "The name of Christ is taken in vain if it is used as a slogan in this world's struggle for its own preservation . . . Jesus Christ then is the hope of the world . . . because he liberates us from all the binding ties of this world."

High on the dais, coatless and perspiring in the muggy heat, Bishop Eivind Berggrav of Norway leaned to a colleague while Schlink was talking and got off a clerical crack. "The Word was made theology and did not dwell among us," he whispered.

Then Yale Theology Professor Robert L. Calhoun, a Congregationalist, rose to speak for the more here-and-now point of view commonly found in the U.S. What is often called "American activism," said Calhoun, owes its origins partly to "frontier evangelism . . . among the log cabins, in the forests and prairies . . . [with] little use for theological subtlety," and partly to the "social gospel" that came with the "growth of cities, industrialization, scientific and technical advance and development of state-supported schools and universities that exclude dogmatic religious instruction . . .

This theology takes "seriously in practice . . . the traditional judgment that the Christian gospel is a word for this world . . . Its characteristic hope looks for the ever clearer manifestation of God's sovereignty and the power of his promises in human history."

On the Challenge of Communism. Greek Orthodox Layman Charles Malik, Lebanese Ambassador to the U.S. and head of one of the assembly discussion

groups, called for the World Council to produce "a ringing, positive message—one of reality, of truth and of hope." Communism, he continued, "exposes the inadequacy, if not indeed the bankruptcy, of the Western-imperialistic and smug-Christian approach of the past . . . At the present degree of spiritual impotence . . . it is only a matter of time before the whole of Asia and Africa, and maybe even Europe, will be engulfed by Communism."

On Iron-Curtain Christianity. No delegate was more sought after by the press—and more nervous about it—than handsome Bishop John Peter of the Reformed Church of Hungary, a member of Parliament in his Communist satellite country. In a formal address to the assembly, he said that his church was prospering in Hungary under the government-separation of church and state.

Afterwards, to a question from the floor: "Have any avowed atheistic Communists been converted to Christianity? If so, have they suffered any social or political disability?" Bishop Peter replied: "The answer to the first question is yes, and the answer to the second question is no." But the Rev. Guenter Jacob of Cottbus in the Soviet Zone of Germany saw things differently. "It is impossible," he said in a later speech, "to believe in both our Christian dogma and in the Communist dogma . . . It is an either-or proposition for any single-minded person."

The Right to Rites

When Colette died (TIME, Aug. 16), all France seemed to mourn. Within two hours, 10,000 Parisians gathered silently in the garden of the Palais-Royal beneath the novelist's windows; four days later she was buried with a state funeral. But the Roman Catholic Church denied her its rites. At 81, Novelist Colette—whose books were far from other-worldly—had been twice divorced, was long out of communion with the church. Last week, in the weekly *Figaro Littéraire*, British Novelist Graham (*The End of the Affair*) Greene, a Roman Catholic convert, took Paris' Cardinal Archbishop Feltin to task for his decision. Wrote Greene:

"It is the right of all who are baptized Catholics to be accompanied to the tomb by a priest. We cannot lose this right—as one can lose the citizenship of a temporal country—by committing a crime or misdemeanor, for no human can judge another . . .

"Are two civil marriages so unpardonable? The lives of some of our saints offer even worse examples. True, they repented. But . . . no one can say what goes through the mind when the spirit is drawn to lucidity by the immediacy of death . . .

"Your Eminence has given . . . the impression that the church pursues errors to the other side of the deathbed . . . Is it to warn your flock of the danger of treating marriage lightly? It would certainly have been better to warn them of the danger of condemning others too easily . . ."

ACES OF THE CHURCH

In an age when "internationalism" is an urgent and often confused slogan, Evanston is a reminder that Christianity is the greatest international movement of all. These are some of the Christians who came from all over the world to work and worship together.



AUBREY MARSDEN WOODS

Chancellor of the Anglican Diocese of Auckland. Lay Delegate Woods, 56, is a solicitor in Whangarei, N.Z. and an amateur organist; says he is most impressed by U.S. church organs and "the extraordinary public generosity toward churches and hospitals."



DR. MARC BOEGNER

One of the five current presidents of the World Council of Churches, the 73-year-old leader of the French Reformed Church is looked on as the living symbol of French Protestantism, is one of the veteran organizers of the ecumenical movement.



BISHOP HANNS LILJE

Bishop of Hannover and president of the Lutheran World Federation. German Evangelical Churchman Lilje, 55, is an outspoken enemy of totalitarianism, was imprisoned by the Gestapo for alleged implication in the plot against Hitler.



BISHOP ADELUKUN HOWELLS

Assistant Bishop of Lagos, in Nigeria, West Africa. Anglican Howells, 48, looks back on a father and grandfather who were also bishops, while his great-grandfather was Chief Ogunbona of Abeokuta, where Christianity gained its first foothold in Nigeria.



DR. GEORGIA ELMA HARKNESS

A Methodist minister and World Council consultant. Dr. Harkness, 63, teaches theology at the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, Calif., wrote the winning hymn in a contest sponsored by the Hymn Society of America to honor the second Assembly.



ARCHBISHOP J. MAR THOMA

A former student at Union Theological Seminary, Archbishop Juhanon Mar Thoma is Metropolitan of the Mar Thoma Syrian Church of Malabar, India, a branch of the church said to have been founded by the "doubting" Apostle, St. Thomas.

THE REV. JAYMA TIGA

Principal of the Lutheran Theological College at Ranchi, India, and delegate from India's Federation of Evangelical Lutheran Churches, 41-year-old Professor Tiga, whose grandfather was, says he, "a heathen anarchist priest," studied in the U.S.



Arthur Shaw

BISHOP JOHN PETER

Suspected by the U.S. State Department of being more Communist than Christian, 53-year-old Bishop Peter of Hungary's Reformed Church was not permitted by the U.S. to leave Evanston or take part in any but Council activities.



Arthur Shaw

ARCHBISHOP ATHENAGORAS

Metropolitan of the Greek Orthodox Church for Eastern, Central and Western Europe and one of the current presidents of the World Council. Delegate Athenagoras was Bishop of Boston for twelve years, founded Boston's Greek Theological School.



Arthur Shaw

DR. KATHLEEN BLISS

A Church of England delegate and chairman of the Council's section on "The Laity." Dr. Bliss, 46, spent seven years as a missionary in South India with her minister husband, has been described as the world's outstanding woman ecumenical leader.



Arthur Shaw

BISHOP EELIS GIDEON GULIN

A leader of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Finland, Bishop Gulin, 60, administers a see that includes the city of Helsinki, is especially active in setting up missions in Finnish industries—among them the printing plant of Helsinki's Communist paper.



Arthur Shaw

BISHOP JOHN SHAHOVSKOY

Bishop of the Russian Orthodox Greek Catholic Church of North America on the West Coast. Delegate Shahovskoy, 52, presides over a diocese extending from the Mexican border to Vancouver, Canada, and east to Colorado.



Arthur Shaw

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS The New Order

As steel goes, says an old economic dictum, so goes the economy. Looking at the charts last week, economists brought up on the old business axiom might have been puzzled by what they saw. Steel production, long the prime index of U.S. economic health, was down to a bare 62% of capacity, some 8% lower than the first-half average and 30% below the 1953 July level. But while steel lagged, the economy as a whole was still racing along at a near-record level. In Washington, the Federal Reserve Board announced that its overall index of industrial production, while off from its peak, was still at 124% of the 1947-49 average, about where it was six months ago (see chart). Reported the Commerce Department total output of goods and services rose in the second quarter to an annual rate of \$36 billion, only 4% behind record-smashing 1953.

Out of Whack. The old economic saw is out of whack in 1954 for several reasons. The first is that steel, while still vital, has lost some of its relative importance on the U.S. industrial scene. In the past few years, vast new industries have grown up to lessen steel's weight. Such war babies as plastics and light metals are booming in peacetime—and cutting into steel's old markets: in July aluminum production rose to 252 million lbs., a new record. Electronics is now a \$5 billion annual business; TV sales hit an alltime high of 2,805,760 sets for the first six months of 1954. The \$4.3 billion postwar petrochemical industry is another case in point.

Because of the changes in the economy, FRB's industrial production index itself is no longer the statistical touchstone it once was. A whole new group of non-manufacturing industries has grown up and must be counted, notably such huge service industries as airlines and buses, trucks, hotels and entertainment. The booming construction industry is not a factor in FRB's industrial index, though it is one of the greatest strengths of the present-day economy.

Over 350. Steel's own chart can be misleading. While the industry is operating at low levels in relation to its present capacity, the capacity has grown so much that actual output is 4.4% ahead of the 1947-49 average. Steelmen last week were looking for an early pickup as automakers start on their 1955 models (see below), railroads place their winter equipment orders and shipbuilding picks up under new government stimulants.

Other businessmen were talking in an equally optimistic vein. In Manhattan, a Dun & Bradstreet survey of 1,126 executives showed that some 48% expect an increase in net sales over 1953 during 1954's fourth quarter, only 22% forecast a sales drop. On Wall Street, the stock market reflected the businessmen's opti-



TIME Chart by R. M. Chapman Jr.

mism. Aircraft stocks, which have led the market with a 75% rise in the past six months, climbed higher still. Six months ago, many a trader wondered if the Dow-Jones industrial average would ever hit 2,000. Last week the industrials pushed up 2.87 points to 3,500.88.

AUTOS And Then There Were None

By an overwhelming vote of their stockholders, the only two remaining independent automakers last week gave up their independence. In Detroit, Packard stockholders voted 89.9% to join forces



Joe Clark, H.B.S.S.
Reinforcements for the race.

with Studebaker; at the same time in Wilmington, Del., Studebaker stockholders voted 99% to merge with Packard. The new company (official name: Studebaker-Packard Corp.) will have a full line of low-to-high-priced cars for the competitive battle ahead. Its combined assets \$251 million. But Studebaker-Packard's biggest asset is the opportunity to compete better by pooling the resources of the two old independents.

For its part, Packard will get the advantages of the slick styling that it made Studebaker a pacesetter in postwar auto trends, will also get the benefits of Studebaker's strong dealer organization around the U.S. Packard, which has long had trouble getting dealers to take on big cars in fringe markets, will start by doubling up with Studebaker to sell Packards in 1,000 towns too small to support a full-time Packard agency. In turn, Studebaker will profit from Packard's solid engineering and its strong financial position.

Out of a Rut. As president of the new combine, in stepped able James J. (John) Nance, 53, the automaker who pulled Packard out of the rut two years ago. Coming to Packard from General Electric's Hotpoint division (TIME, May 19, 1952), Nance found a company suffering from old age. Packard's plants were among the most inefficient in the industry; its sales organization was without drive or direction; its executives were aging and set in their ways. The company made money, but largely because of defense production and the happy fact that 1952 was still a seller's market for automen.

Nance's first move was to jettison Packard's personnel. The company had a rigid retirement program; Nance started over and in the process lowered the average age of his 25 top executives from 59 to 36. He brought in cost analysts to check Packard's entire operation, turned pennies into dollars. At one point, for example, he replaced hand upholstery work with a pair of automatic staplers. Savings: \$1.45 per car. \$100,000 per year.

Into the Race. This fall, Packard will replace its ancient Detroit operation with two new plants as modern as any in the industry. The brand-new V-8 engine for Packard's 1955 cars will be made at a \$47 million plant in Utica, Mich., 15 miles outside Detroit; the bodies, formerly made by Briggs, will now be made by Packard itself at a plant recently leased from Chrysler, thus saving a substantial amount of money that otherwise would go to subcontractors.

With Studebaker Chairman Paul C. Hoffman and Studebaker President Harold Vance as board chairman and executive committee chairman of the new corporation, Nance has a top executive team that agrees with his own economy-minded approach. Studebaker's hoses have already started the ball rolling.

persuading 8,500 workers at their South Bend plant to accept a 14% wage cut (Time, Aug. 23). Jim Nance & Co. will need every additional economy they can find. In 1954's auto race,® the Big Three have gobbled up 94% of the market, giving notice of an even faster pace in 1955.

Following Studebaker's lead, American Motors (Nash-Hudson) also started tuning up for 1955 last week. With second quarter losses of \$3,800,000, the company asked 1,000 workers at its big Kenosha, Wis., Nash plant to accept a new contract in the hope of cutting costs and increasing productivity. American is not asking its workers to take a pay cut. Instead, it wants to revise such provisions as seniority rights, work standards, grievance procedure and lost-time allowances to bring its contract into line with the rest of the industry. One big point at issue: Nash workers get 20 minutes more than G.M. workers to clean up each day, thus cutting one hour, 40 minutes a week from each man's time on the production line.

AVIATION

Flying LST

A band of anxious engineers clambered onto a floating dock in San Diego Bay recently to watch the newest U.S. Navy flying boat, out for its first water trial; as a photographer snapped away, the plane's bow gaped open like the mouth of a giant whale, revealing an enormous cav-

For the first six months Ford took top honors with sales of 633,307 cars v. 628,261 for Chevrolet.



CONVAIR'S R3Y-2
In 30 seconds, a whale in the sky.

ern for cargo. The 80-ton craft, pictures of which were released last week, was the R3Y-2 "Flying LST," built for beach-assault operations by General Dynamics' Convair division. To pull away from a beach or dock the pilot simply reverses propellers: the ship needs a run of only 30 seconds to take off.

Powered by four Allison T-40 turbo-prop engines developing a total 22,000 h.p., Convair's Flying LST is expected to cruise at better than 350 m.p.h., have a range of more than 2,000 miles, and climb faster than some World War II fighter

planes. It can carry a cargo load of 24 tons, equivalent to four 155-mm. howitzers, three 2½-ton trucks, six jeeps and two half-tracks. As a transport, it can pack in 150 fully equipped troops.

REAL ESTATE

Stolkin Rides Again

When it comes to picking up—and dropping—a fast buck, few can match Chicago's Ralph E. Stolkin, 36. By using the mails and punchboards to peddle such merchandise as ballpoint pens, coonskin

TIME CLOCK

tries cancel all TV advertising, called on broadcasters to report by Jan. 1 on what they have done to dry up drinking scenes.

DON'T-BUY-AMERICAN week was staged (without government sanction) in Switzerland by 3,000 watchmakers as a protest against the U.S. boost in watch tariffs. Some shopkeepers refused to sell American cigarettes, nylons or Coca-Cola.

M. LOWENSTEIN & Sons, among the six biggest U.S. textile companies, took over stock control of Wamsutta Mills, thereby diversified from cotton dress goods, shirtings, etc. into sheets, foam-rubber pillows, electric blankets. Lowenstein paid \$9.50 each for 208,500 of Wamsutta's 396,000 shares outstanding (v. \$9.25 over the counter) and offered to buy more at the same price until Sept. 10.

PARTNERSHIP POWER dams may be approved for Idaho's Clearwater River. Federal Power Commission has given Pacific Northwest Power Co. (a combine of four private power companies) a preliminary go-ahead on dams at Bruce's Eddy and Penny Cliffs (combined capacity: 532,000

kw.; estimated cost: \$320,351,000). In keeping with the Administration's partnership policy (Time, July 26), the Federal Government may share flood-control costs.

RUSSIA'S TRADE with the West will pick up. Under British pressure, 15 nations (including the U.S.) have agreed to lift export controls on crude and diesel oils, light machine tools, farm tractors, copper wire, air conditioners, mica, tungsten, some 150 other products. Still under embargo: 170 strategic items, including weapons, uranium and airplanes.

TITANIUM production should soon roll ahead. To boost output and lower prices (now \$15 a lb.), the Eisenhower Administration authorized five year tax write-offs (v. the usual 25 years) for new plants that turn out finished titanium.

BUSINESS CENSUS will be taken early next year. With an unexpected \$8,430,000 appropriation from Congress (Time, Aug. 9), U.S. Bureau of the Census will poll 3,000,000 business firms to update government statistics on U.S. sales, manufacturing and mining.

COFFEE PRICES

Can the Jumping Bean Be Tamed?

Of all the drinks consumed in the U.S., coffee is by far the most popular. Three out of four Americans drink at least one cup each day, last year down an estimated 100 billion cups, worth more than \$1.9 billion. But America's most popular drink also produces some of its biggest price headaches. Within three short months last winter, housewives found retail coffee prices suddenly shooting up from 9¢ a lb. to an average of 11.3¢ (TIME, April 12). Just as suddenly last week, coffee started plummeting, with industry-wide price cuts up to 15¢ a lb.

There is no argument about the reason for the price decline. Consumer resistance, which cut coffee consumption 15%, forced the Brazilian government to lower coffee prices in hopes of boosting sales. But as to what caused the original price rises and what will happen next, there is as much disagreement as there is coffee in Brazil.

To find the answers, President Eisenhower asked the Federal Trade Commission to investigate the entire industry both at home and abroad. FTC's conclusion: the trouble is the way coffee is marketed all along the line, from plantation to pot (TIME, Aug. 9). The No. 1 offender, said FTC in its 1,100-page report, was Brazil, the world's biggest coffee producer and biggest U.S. supplier, with exports last year of 8,970,439 bags (43% of the U.S. total) worth \$628 million. In effect, FTC charged Brazil's coffee industry with manipulating the market through misleading crop forecasts, speculation and price gouging.

One of the main reasons for last winter's price boost, according to FTC, was the inaccurate forecast for Brazil's 1954-55 crop. A year ago, a biting frost hit Brazil's second biggest producing area in Paraná, damaging nearly 250 million trees. With forecasts of a meager 13 million-bag crop, some 4,000,000 bags less than expected, a wild price spiral for coffee futures got under way. Actually, says FTC, the frost damage was relatively minor. Brazil's 1954-55 crop was less than 1,000,000 bags (8%) below the 1953 levels. But instead of a 15% or 20% price rise as might be expected in the wake of an 8% crop loss, Brazilian coffee futures climbed by 61%.

For that, FTC blamed big speculators on the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange. Caught in the squeeze, five big U.S. roasters (General Foods, A. & P., Hills Brothers, Standard Brands, and J. A. Folger & Co.) started buying coffee to guard against future shortages and still higher prices. Re-

sult: prices soared again. The increases were rapidly passed on to U.S. housewives, and only when they rebelled did the spiral start downward.

In the face of the FTC report, the coffee industry flatly denies that it was responsible for coffee's dizzy spin. Brazilian growers argue that all early crop reports are bound to be inaccurate. To judge yesterday's estimate by today's knowledge, say the coffeeeens, is both unsound and unfair. Furthermore, when viewed in terms of the expected 1954 harvest *v.* the actual harvest, the crop loss from frost was an estimated 2,932,700 bags, or 17%; FTC's 8% figure is based on a false comparison with 1953 production.

East Coast coffee traders are just as adamant that speculation on the New York exchange had little to do with coffee's rise. Speculation, say the traders, was no greater than normal. They also dispute FTC's contention that exchange rules that restrict trading to Santos coffee only—about 10% of U.S. annual consumption—result in a narrow, rapidly fluctuating market. The fact is, according to coffeeeens, that about 40% of all U.S. coffee is traded on the exchange. The price rise, they insist, was simply due to heavy demand coupled with the fear of a low, frost-bitten supply. Says Gustavo Lobo Jr., president of the New York exchange: "If speculation occurred, it was within permissible limits. If we are going to curb speculation entirely, we will have to do away with free markets of every kind."

Nobody knows the whole truth of the coffee situation: undoubtedly, both Brazil's crop-reporting system and the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange could stand better regulation. FTC is thinking of asking Congress to police the coffee exchange more closely, possibly by putting it under the Commodity Exchange Authority, which could keep an eye on excess speculation. FTC also hopes to improve crop reporting by increasing U.S. agriculture attaché staffs in Brazil, which check up on local forecasts with estimates of their own. But before any such program can work, the U.S. and Brazil must first agree on a good forecast system, and the two are still far apart. Finally, Congress may be asked to approve a long-range plan for the U.S. to help develop other nations as prime coffee suppliers and reduce U.S. dependence on Brazil. But the fact is that no legislation can be as effective in keeping coffee beans from bouncing as the one weapon that has worked: the U.S. consumer's pocketbook.

caps and cheap radios. Stolkin ran a \$15,000 loan into a \$3,400,000 fortune. After the Federal Trade Commission cracked down on him for "deceptive sales practices" and U.S. postal authorities warned him against conducting a lottery by mail, Punchboard King Stolkin headed for Hollywood. He took charge of a five-man syndicate that bought RKO from Howard Hughes and named himself president. But Stolkin's interesting past soon caught up with him: stockholders' complaints forced Stolkin & Co. to sell RKO back to Howard Hughes at a loss of \$1,350,000 (TIME, Oct. 27, 1952 *et seq.*).

Last week Promoter Stolkin turned up in Florida, this time toutting real estate. He bought 3,200 acres of pastureland, named it Coral City and painted a rosy word picture of a proposed metropolis of some 40,000 citizens. To Florida's perennial optimists Stolkin announced that he will sell his houses at cost (\$7,025 to \$8,600). His profit, if any, will come from the lots, from the office buildings and shops he plans to build, and from the water and sewerage companies he will run. Said Promoter Stolkin: "The financial policy behind Coral City [is] the most dynamic theory—or combination of ideas—to be introduced into a major American industry in some time."

CORPORATIONS

Life of a Salesman

Propped up by a traction device, the boss of Borg-Warner Corp.'s Norge Division sat in bed at Chicago's Wesley Memorial Hospital last week, a telephone at his side and papers spread out in front of him. All morning 54-year-old Judson S. Sayre took calls, received visitors and dictated letters at a rapid clip. At noon, with his neck in a brace, he left the hospital for his office, returned later in the afternoon to finish up his 15-hour workday in bed.

Sayre's fever chart was normal (he was suffering from two painful slipped disks). But his sales charts showed the results of some remarkable medicine. In the first half of 1954, while most other appliance-makers were barely holding even, Norge sales of washing machines, driers, refrigerators, stoves and other major "white goods" were 50% ahead of last year. In July they were 72% higher, in August 126%. With Norge in the middle of a \$6,100,000 expansion program, Sayre expects sales to hit \$75 million this year. \$100 million in 1955. He is no man to let a few wobbly vertebrae stand in his way.

Rummy & the Races. Fast-thinking, tough-talking Judson Sayre has been a crack salesman most of his life. He worked his way through Columbia University by selling salesmanship courses, once told a wavering prospect: "If you can't make up your mind faster than that, the course won't do you any good." (He made the sale.)

Sayre started selling appliances for Kelvinator in 1925, moved up to national sales manager in four years. He switched to Montgomery Ward as appliance boss,

in two years converted a \$900,000 loss to a \$900,000 profit (and became one of the rare "Monkey Ward" alumni to leave on good terms with crotchety Sewell Avery). Then Sayre moved over to Bendix to introduce the nation's first line of automatic washers for the home, sold 42,000 before a single production model came off the line, and eventually put out more automatic washers than all his competitors combined.

Last year Salesman Sayre decided to retire and live in leisure at his Surfside, Fla., home. He soon saw that it was not the life for him. Says he: "There's only so much gin rummy you can play, so many times you can lie on the beach, so many times you can go to the races. Then you get damned sick and tired of it, and wish



NORGE'S SAYRE
His fever chart is normal.

you had a job to go to." Last May Sayre found the job to go to at Borg-Warner.

Trock to Run On. For five years, while B-W's 27 other divisions (Pesco pumps, Warner gears, etc.) were making money, Norge had operated in the red. Said Sayre: "I plan to run this outfit the way I ran Bendix—at a profit." When he took over, Norge had a new line of topnotch appliances. But in large areas of the country its products were not even being distributed. Sayre launched a "dealer-getting" program, set up selling tie-ins with distributors for Motorola and Zenith, which make radio and TV sets but no white goods. Dealers began signing up at the rate of 100 a day. From May through July, 2,003 were added to the Norge roster, an increase of 26%.

To meet deliveries on the sales that he was sure would come in, Sayre put \$1,000,000 into new plant layout and equipment. He also looked over the line of Norge products, decided to add a new 110-volt, \$149.95 automatic drier. \$20 to \$40 below the prices of most competitors. So far, Sayre's brand of selling has



The babe that bathes 10 million times a day!

Ten million tots a day take to water! About 100 million of their elders draw on public water supply systems for over 100 gallons per person daily. Industry, too, has a giant thirst—65,000 gallons of water to produce one ton of steel! And by 1975 the demand for water will double!

Yet it rains no more today. Result: last year a thousand American towns faced water shortages. Waterworks engineers are doing a herculean job. But they need your help urgently.

As an individual, conserve. As a businessman, check into water savings in manufacturing. As a citizen, get the facts about your community's water problems. Support realistic water rates. Take an active part in efforts to increase your vital water supply... now and for the future.

**WATER, your priceless heritage . . .
use it . . . enjoy it . . . protect it with . . .**



Man's Most Dependable Carrier of
Water — Cast Iron Pipe

This cast iron water main in Alexandria, Va., is 103 years old and still going strong. Modernized Cast Iron Pipe, centrifugally cast, is even tougher, stronger. Cast iron's proved record of long, trouble-free life saves taxes.

Cast Iron Pipe Research Association,
Thos. F. Wolfe, Managing
Director, 122 So. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago 3, Ill.

CAST IRON PIPE

CAST IRON



Lightening the load of heavy materials-handling problems

For 75 years, the Industrial Brownhoist Corporation of Bay City, Mich., has lightened the load for thousands of companies. Its cranes, coal and ore bridges, boat unloaders . . . equipped with magnets, hooks and buckets . . . have proved rugged and dependable under continuous, heavy-duty operation.

As a result of its pioneer improvements in product design, construction, and performance, the Industrial Brownhoist Corp. has shown

continual growth and development. U. S. F. & G. is proud of the part it has played over the past 20 years in this company's expansion . . . the part of supplying the bonding and insurance coverages essential to the success of business operation.

Whether you handle materials, produce or process them; own a business or your home; no matter what you do or where you are, there are U. S. F. & G. coverages to meet your individual needs.



Over ten thousand agents . . . there's one in your community. Consult him as you would your doctor or lawyer.

U.S.F. & G.

CASUALTY-FIRE
INSURANCE

FIDELITY-SURETY
BONDS

United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company, Baltimore 3, Md.
Fidelity Insurance Company of Canada, Toronto

worked its usual magic for Norge. At distributors' convention this month, the company wrote \$17.2 million in orders, more than for any three-month period in the company's history. But Salesman Sayre still puts his ultimate faith in the retail salesman. Says he: "There are still a lot of good retail salesmen. All they need is direction and incentive and a organized plan—a track on which they can run."

BUSINESS ABROAD Mary Kathleen

Returning from a uranium-prospecting jaunt in the barren countryside of Queensland, Australia one day last month, a jeepload of weekend prospectors bogged down in a creek. Four got out to push while a fifth, Timberman Norman McConachie, idly strolled along the creek bank with a Geiger counter. He spotted a promising rock and put his counter to it. The needle jiggled up to 2,500 on the dial. With darkness falling, the five went home to the little mining town of Mount Isa. Three days later they were back with three others, to check thoroughly on nearby rocks.

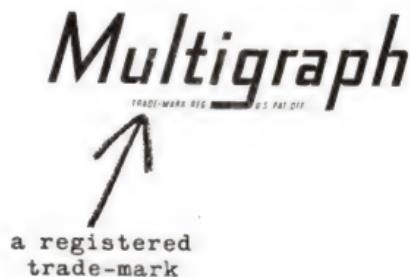
One boulder gave them a Geiger count of 10,000. Then they noticed that a landslide from a 200-ft. hill had pushed the "hot" uranium rocks down toward the creek. Said Cab Driver Clem Walton: "Nature has done a remarkable thing for us." Working up the hillside, with Geigers clicking, they got counts up to a fantastic 48,000. The prospectors promptly staked out a mile-square claim, named it Mary Kathleen after McConachie's wife, who had died ten days before. As word of the strike hit the newspapers, 14 companies began bidding for the lease. It looked like Australia's richest strike to date, with an estimated 1,350,000 tons of ore worth upwards of \$20 million.

Last week the syndicate of amateur prospectors closed a deal, sold out to Australasian Oil Exploration, Ltd., for a reported \$562,300 in cash, plus a 20% interest in a new company formed to mine the area, and 5% of the gross proceeds of the ore.

Wheel of Fortune

On a cool February evening in 1888, Scottish Veterinarian John Boyd Dunlop watched his small son pedal a tricycle along a Belfast street and into history. For the rear wheels of the boy's tricycle, Dunlop had fashioned hollow rubber-and-canvas tubes pumped full of air—two of the world's earliest pneumatic tires. Within two years pneumatic tires were the rage of Britain's cyclists, and Dunlop was busy trying to fill the demand.

From these modest beginnings Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd. has grown into a mammoth holding company with 165 subsidiaries, 66,000 stockholders and 93,000 employees. Its 61 factories (23 outside the United Kingdom) turn out golf balls, tennis balls, foam rubber, tires, tubes, raincoats; its Malayan rubber plantations (92,800 acres) are the biggest private



a few words about two words

THE first word is "Addressograph" . . . a brand name identifying our efficient modern machines and supplies for doing repetitive business writing 30 to 50 times faster than with ordinary writing methods.

The second word is "Multigraph" . . . a brand name identifying our family of machines and certain supplies for quickly duplicating business information at tremendous savings to the user.

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David Mullan

DUNLOP'S BEHARRELL
He twisted a mermaid's tail.

landholdings in the British Commonwealth. With 1953 sales of \$580 million (and a net of \$4 million), Dunlop completely dominates the Commonwealth market for rubber goods. Dunlop, in fact, is often called a microcosm of the Empire.

The man who sits on the foam-rubber throne of Dunlop's empire is big in it... 200 lbs., grey-haired George Edward Beharrell, 55. In his realm he finds one flaw: Dunlop sales rank but fifth in the U.S.* Last week George Beharrell made a big move to correct this flaw. He announced that Dunlop will spend \$5,500,000 to modernize its plant at Buffalo and streamline its U.S. sales organization.

Exit Dunlop. While Scotland's John Dunlop first thought of putting his pneumatic tires on bicycles, it took an Irishman to gaze into the spinning wheels and see a fortune. Dublin Paper Merchant Harvey Du Cros, father of three famed bicycle racers, needed only to see his sons beaten by a man on Dunlop tires before he set to work. He promptly organized a tire company, persuaded Dunlop to join him, and with classic forethought predicted in his prospectus: "The pneumatic tire will be almost indispensable for ladies and persons with delicate nerves."

With the stamina of six-day bicycle racers, Harvey Du Cros and his sons set out to convert the British Isles, then the Continent, then the U.S. They built new factories in France, Germany, and Canada; in seven years the company was reorganized with \$24 million capital, and John Dunlop sold his interest.

Enter Macintosh. At the dawn of the auto age, the company started its own rubber plantations in Malaya, bought textile mills to guarantee supplies of tire fabrics. But Dunlop expanded too fast, was caught in 1921's commodity collapse

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with a disastrously big inventory of rubber. The Du Cros regime was ousted. In went Sir Eric Geddes and Sir George Beharrell, a brilliant management team.

At Dunlop, Sir Eric and Sir George swung the ax ruthlessly, began to diversify. They bought more wheel and rim plants, started making all kinds of rubber goods, from flooring to hot water bottles, and took over Charles MacIntosh & Co., of raincoat fame. In 1928 Sir George hired his son, George Beharrell, who rose to a directorship in 1942.

Decoys & G Suits. In World War II, Dunlop lost factories in Germany, Japan and France.⁵ When the Japanese army overran Malaya and cut off Dunlop's major source of natural rubber, the company switched to synthetics. Dunlop invented and turned out the sand tire that carried the Eighth Army across the Libyan desert. Every fighter plane in the Battle of Britain used a Dunlop-made gun-firing mechanism. Dunlop also produced self-sealing gas tanks, bulletproof tires, barrage balloons, rubber dinghies, frogmen suits G suits for fighter pilots, and countless trench coats for British officers. At war's end George Beharrell moved up to managing director. As the British Empire began to crumble, he put Dunlop's king-dom back together.

Under George Beharrell's able direction Dunlop has just opened a \$10 million tire plant in Brazil (original home of the rubber plant), is developing an "indestructible rubber resin," which Dunlop thinks may replace some fabricated metals. For Dunlop there is always something new under the sun. The most recent: a mermaid in for Actress Glynnis Johns in the forthcoming movie *Mad About Men*. The film will carry an appropriate credit line "Tail by Dunlop."

LABOR

Strike's End

The strike of some 1,200 American Airline pilots ended this week. They had been out for three weeks, grounding 385 daily flights and throwing thousands of other American employees out of work. Main issue: American's nonstop coast-to-coast flights, which kept some air crews in the air more than eight hours a day—despite the fact that the schedule had been approved by the Civil Aeronautics Board (TIME, Aug. 9 *et seq.*). By last week the pilots seemed to be looking for a way out, and federal mediators gave them one. According to the proposal accepted by both sides, American would

¶ Resume its coast-to-coast flights.
¶ Continue its \$1,200,000 suit against the A.F.L. Air Line Pilots Association.
¶ Not ask the crews to fly more than eight continuous hours on other runs.

Meanwhile, a neutral umpire agreeable to both sides would study the issues involved and make recommendations for a final settlement.

¶ A Dunlop employee on leave to the R.A.F. dropped the first bomb on Dunlop's plant in occupied France.

This announcement is under no circumstances to be construed as an offer to sell or as a solicitation of an offer to buy any of these securities. The offering is made only by the Prospectus.

NEW ISSUE

August 16, 1954

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Common Shares

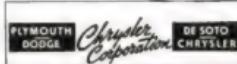
(Par value \$1 per share)

Price \$25 per Share*

Prices for single transactions of less than 1,000 shares. Prices are scaled down for single transactions involving greater numbers of shares.

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained in any State only from such of the several Underwriters, including the undersigned, as may lawfully offer the securities in such State.

Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co.



DIVIDEND ON COMMON STOCK

The Directors of Chrysler Corporation have declared a dividend of seventy-five cents (\$75) per share on the outstanding common stock, payable September 11, 1954 to stockholders of record at the close of business August 16, 1954.

B. E. HUTCHINSON
Chairman, Finance Committee

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is fortified
with LIVER!

CONTAINS CHLOROPHYLL—STOPS DOGGY ODORS

MILESTONES

Married. Jill Faulkner, 21, only daughter of Nobel Prizewinning Novelist William (A *Fable*) Faulkner; and Paul Dilywyn Summers Jr., 25, Washington law student; in Oxford, Miss.

Divorced. By Marilyn Buferd, 29, undulate one-time (1946) Miss America, who scored a hit in Italian movies: Francesco Barbaro, 42, Italian actors' agent; after three years of marriage, one son; in Reno.

Divorced. By Susan Hayward (real name: Edythe Marrenre), 34, red-haired cinemactress (*Snows of Kilimanjaro*); Jess Barker, 39, one-time hobby-so hero (*The Texan Meets Calamity Jane*); after ten years of marriage, two children; in Hollywood. She won the right to keep part (better than \$300,000) of their community property; he got the Ford station wagon and the right to visit their twin sons one night a week and alternate weekends.

Died. Francis Mariotte (alias Frank Diamond), 61, Al ("Scarface") Capone's muscleboy during the racketeering heydays of the '20s and '30s; of a shotgun blast (triggerman unknown) fired as he was opening his garage in Chicago's West Side. Swarthy, hotheaded Hoodlum Mariotte made a fortune as manager of Capone's far-flung network of brothels, since 1948 has been a Chicago contractor.

Died. Paul W. Shafer, 61, since 1937 a Republican Congressman from Michigan's traditionally conservative Third District; of a liver ailment; in Washington. A one-time newspaperman, Shafer learned his law from correspondence school, became known in the House for bluntly spoken opinion. He demanded a breakthrough in diplomatic relations with Russia in 1949, demanded full U.S. recognition of Franco-Spain the same year, befriended Korea's Syngman Rhee and warned, in 1947, of the dangers of a divided Korea. In 1952 he introduced a resolution calling for the impeachment of President Truman because he thought Truman had overstepped his bounds in seizing the steel mills.

Died. John Arthur Dewar, 63, British sportsman and whisky distiller (Dewar's White Label); of a heart ailment; in Montecatini, Italy. Heir to a \$5,000,000 fortune and a famous thoroughbred stable at 38, "Lucky" Dewar hit the headlines in 1931 when his horse Cameronian won the first two legs (the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket, the Epsom Derby) on Britain's Triple Crown, missed pulling off a rare coup when Cameronian ran a dismal last in the St. Leger.

Died. Alcide de Gasperi, 73, one of the principal founders of Italy's Christian Democratic Party and its pre-eminent postwar Premier (1945-53); of a heart ailment; in Sella Val Sugana, Italy (see FOREIGN NEWS).



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New kind of TV by Thompson nabs crooks, may watch baby!

Electronic miracle lets you see through walls

THERE'S a new kind of TV, a "private eye" that catches shoplifters red-handed . . . telecasts line-ups of criminals from Police Headquarters to outlying stations . . . that does guard-duty over prison cell blocks.

This closed-circuit TV has been developed so fast by Dage Television Division of Thompson Products, that soon you may have it in your own home. It will help you keep an eye on Baby, watch over the sickroom or see who's at the door . . . all while you're busy elsewhere in the house.

Imagine this spectacular TV's countless uses in industry, business and public life! Busy executives flick a switch and check factory processes. Large trainee groups "tour" the plant without leaving lecture rooms. Products are demonstrated to large, scattered groups. Engineers get "ringside" views of dangerous tests and operations at safe distances. Hospital nurses in corridor stations "see" into each patient's room. Medical students in classrooms get close-up views (*in color!*) of delicate surgical techniques taking place in operating rooms far away.

Closed-circuit TV is a spectacular result of work in electronics. But other Thompson developments are as important. *A few examples:* tuning devices in home TV sets, tape recorders, HI-FI amplifiers, co-axial switches for radar, radio and radio-telephones, aircraft antenna, and electronic controls and testing apparatus.

Thompson is a veteran in automotive and aviation fields. Today it helps pioneer in light metals and powder metallurgy, as well as electronics. You can count on Thompson to help make life more convenient and safer for you. Thompson Products, Inc., General Offices, Cleveland 17, Ohio.

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Newsreel

¶ Eight members of New York's Joint Legislative Committee on Problems of the Aging reported last week that Hollywood is the "archfoe" of the elderly. Reason: movies portray old age as "a trap, a pit, a hopeless end," and glorify "teen-age super-beauties as the American ideal." Objectionable older types, according to State Senator Thomas C. Desmond, 63; Lionel Barrymore (as a cantankerous older), Billy Burke (as a rattlebrain). Objectionable youngster types, "the type of youth glorification that makes it difficult for older women to find a useful, happy place in modern life"; Lana Turner, Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable. Retorted the Motion Picture Association of America. Senator Desmond is making "a desperate play for publicity . . . and failed to check the long and respected list of Hollywood's own senior citizens, still going strong after many years of entertaining millions of people."

¶ British Actor James Mason on the Hollywood press corps: "Four out of five of the [reporters] I have met are illiterate hoors with unretentive memories . . . The most volatile celebrities cannot satisfy [their] daily demands . . . And the columnists, spurning inventions which must be shared with competitors, secure exclusivity by raking their own occupationally fetid imaginations."

¶ In Rome's mammoth Cinecitta, Troy was razed for the third time in 3,000 years as Warner Bros.' two-acre wood and papier-mâché reproduction of the ancient city (for *He Helen of Troy*) was 80% destroyed by fire. As hetogued extras battled the blaze, cameras churned away for an hour and a half, leaving Warner's hopeful that it could salvage some usable footage from a \$5,000 holocaust.

¶ In Europe, M-G-M's *Executive Suite* was being billed by any other name, largely because the American meaning of the title has no exact equivalent in any European language. Translated examples: in France, *The Tower of the Ambitious Ones*; in Holland, *The Top Man*; in Sweden, *A Chair Is Vacant*; in Italy, *Thirst for Power*; in Germany, *The Schemers*.

The New Pictures

The Egyptian (20th Century-Fox), based on Mika Waltari's bestselling novel of Egypt in the 14th century B.C., is described in studio releases as a "\$5,000,000 CinemaScope De Luxe Color picturization . . . with 67 major sets, seven stars, two dozen featured players, 87 other speaking roles and over 5,000 extras." Authenticity is rampant in every scene. All 5,000 extras, for instance, have brown eyes, because the research department read somewhere that "there were no blue-eyed Egyptians in the 14th century B.C." Furthermore, the "5,000,000 objects" of Egyptian antiquity in the film were imported or reconstructed from the originals—including reasonable facsimiles of

Tutankhamen's and Nefertiti's thrones.

This is the picture that Actor Marlon Brando, after signing to play the title role, ran away from just as the cameras were about to start grinding at him, shouting over his shoulder that he had to see his psychiatrist in a hurry. Still, for moviegoers who feel harder than Brando and can stand up to the broadsides of grandeur, *The Egyptian* has a kind of blubry, big-adjective poetry about it.

In the main, the story follows the hook. Sinuhe (Edmund Purdom), infant son of the Pharaoh's wife, is set adrift in a reed boat on the Nile, victim of a palace plot against his mother. Rescued by a childless couple, he is raised as their son, learns the healing arts of his stepfather, a physician. Coming of age, Sinuhe meets a young soldier (Victor Mature), and together they



EDMUND PURDON & BELLA DARVI
Also 10,000 brown eyes.

save the life of the new Pharaoh Akhnaton (Michael Wilding) when he is attacked by a lion in the desert.

Prospering in the Pharaoh's favor, the soldier aspires to the hand of the Pharaoh's sister (Gene Tierney), but the young physician cannot heal himself of his lust for a whore of Babylon (Bella Darvi). In time, Sinuhe is cured by the love of a servant girl (Jean Simmons).

Edmund Purdom, as the Egyptian doctor, gives as good as he got from Author Waltari. Jean Simmons, as his bright angel, looks pretty carrying a jug on her head. As his dark angel, Bella Darvi manages, even while wearing green nail polish and a wig like a blue floor mop, to stave off the horselaughs—no mean accomplishment. Gene Tierney models some fetching Egyptian clothes, and Victor Mature's chief contribution to his role is the strength to carry 65 lbs. of armor on his back.

The technical departments are, of

course, the true stars of such an overwhelming spectacle as this, and Director Michael Curtiz (*Captain Blood*, *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex*) deserves to be ranked for his managerial marvels with the general contractor who put up the pyramids.

Her Twelve Men (M-G-M). In *Mrs. Miniver* (1942), her greatest hit, Greer Garson helped convince the U.S. public that the English middle-class family, with its back to the wall of a rose-covered dream cottage, was manning—and womaning—the front line of freedom. In *Her Twelve Men*, which is perhaps the most Greenly effective Garson picture in recent years, she does the same kind of job for the teaching profession.

Teachers are such decent sorts, this picture seems to say, so thoughtful and tweedy, that everyone really ought to do something nice for them. The trouble is—to judge from the picture's sets—that teachers live in such wealth and mansioned ease that it is hard to imagine what they could possibly need, unless it were legislation to cut their salaries.

Actress Garson plays a widow who hires on as a teacher at a tony boys' school just to "do something with my life." She falls first for all the old schoolboy tricks, from the frog in the bed to the "fangs—you're welcome" routine. Then she falls for a colleague (Robert Ryan). Greer unties all the emotional knots of her pupils so well that Teacher Ryan suggests a marital knot. The end of the picture would seem to indicate that, histriographically speaking, this is where Actress Garson came in, 15 years ago, as the teacher's wife in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*.

CURRENT & CHOICE

On the Waterfront. Elia Kazan's big-shouldered melodrama of dockside corruption; with Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb (TIME, Aug. 9).

Rear Window. Hot and cold flashes of kissing and killing, as Alfred Hitchcock lets Jimmy Stewart, Grace Kelly and the customer get the eavesdrop on a murderer (TIME, Aug. 20).

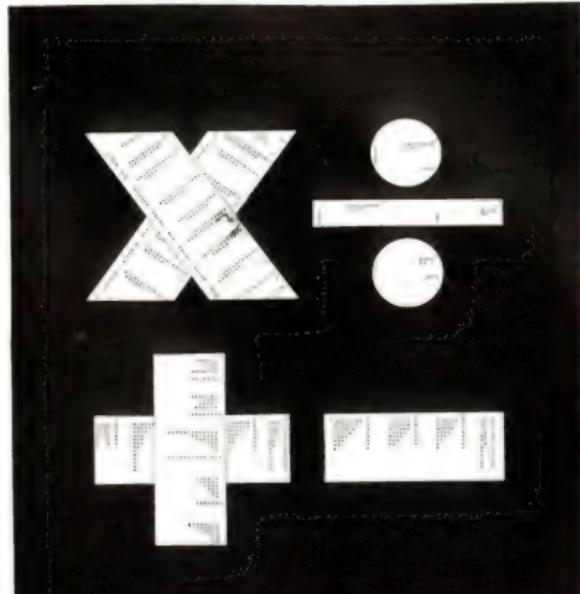
The Earrings of Madame De . . . A bulbling little masterpiece of ornate romance and French wit; with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, Vittorio De Sica (TIME, July 26).

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers. Plutarch's story of *The Rape of the Sabine Women*, updated to make the best cinematic musical since *An American in Paris* (TIME, July 12).

Mr. Hulot's Holiday. A first-class slapstick comedy, partly in French, explaining how not to take a vacation (TIME, June 28).

Dial M for Murder. Ray Milland tries to murder Grace Kelly, but Director Alfred Hitchcock contrives his comeuppance (TIME, May 24).

Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe's great classic, as wonderful as ever, with Actor Dan O'Herahy outwitting mutineers, cannibals and nature itself (TIME, May 24).



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BOOKS

Fine & Bitter Tea

LADY OF BEAUTY [192 pp.]—Kikou Yamata—John Day (\$3).

The Japanese say that in the finest tea one can taste the water with which it was made. *Lady of Beauty* is just such a subtle cup of literary tea. In it, Kikou Yamata, daughter of a Japanese diplomat and a French mother, tells the story of Nobuko Hayashi, aloof, highborn and exquisite, and how the war racked and finally killed her without using a bullet or a bomb. At once surface and symbol, *Lady of Beauty* is a quiet requiem for a culture as well as a person, by a mourner who remains charmingly alive.

Nobuko, the lady of beauty, is fortyish, and lives in a fine villa by the sea near Tokyo. She is married to a wealthy financier, and possessively loves her young and only son. True, she must share her husband's affection with a common geisha in Tokyo, but she neither rants nor strays from the marital quirk. Proud of the firm body her husband neglects, she swims in the crashing offshore combers, or takes up the toils with her son's fencing master. Nominally a Roman Catholic convert, Nobuko finds her true religion in the classic Nō plays, to her a kind of mystic opium.

War and the threat of it foreclose the lady's world. Needing the gardener's quarters she asks him to sleep off premises, and he commits suicide. The police curb offshore swimming, the Nō plays are closed down. To cap these indignities, when Nobuko's son falls ill, her husband's geisha flaunts her status by sending a get-well present for the boy. Nobuko, who almost never sees her husband any more, falls ill (tuberculosis of the bone). In nightly agonies of pain, she struggles with Death, "fighting like a child with only one weapon, talking to him in a lonely night watch." But the Great Commoner finally quells her aristocratic spirit.

Melancholy but graceful, *Lady of Beauty* is steeped in the sights and sounds and rituals of Japanese life. As if to signify her own conviction that the old Japan is dead, Author Yamata now shuttles between Paris and the shores of Lake Leman with her Swiss painter husband. Yet she recalls the self-exiled Joyce, who could write only of Dublin; while Author Yamata may have left Japan, Japan will never wholly leave her—or anyone who opens her finespun novel.

The Vanished Galahads

THE HOME LETTERS OF T. E. LAWRENCE AND HIS BROTHERS [731 pp.]—Macmillan (\$10).

No argument can change the elderly Englishman's probably accurate belief that his country and his world suffered an irremediable loss in "The War"—meaning, of course, World War I. The nature of that loss is defined in *The Home Letters of*

T. E. Lawrence and His Brothers, a massive volume of letters, written mostly by Lawrence of Arabia to his parents. They are not "great" letters—in fact, many are unspeakably dull. They are of interest today because they bring momentarily to life the principal ghosts of the lamented era.

The Lawrence family, of 2 Polstead Road, Oxford, consisted of father, mother and five sons. In this "nest of young eagles" (as an Oxford don termed it) was an atmosphere of faith, eagerness and self-confidence that seems closer in time to the court of King Arthur than to the 20th century. Each member of the Lawrence family took for granted that his duty in life was that of a Galahad: honor, rather than fair ladies, was the desired prize. The

shot. "Lovable, affectionate, happy and gentle." Frank had no time to ripen for anything but slaughter. In a letter marked "Not to be delivered till after my death," Frank bade his parents a cheerful farewell—the parting will not be for long. Merely for an infinitesimal space of time out of eternity." He was killed at 22, three months after joining the Gloucester Regiment at the front in France.

It fell to Brother Ned (T. E.) to perform the deeds that brought fame to the family name. Ned was fond of literature, music and machinery, but his chief passion was archaeology—a bent that led him slowly but steadily through the ruined castles and abbeys of Britain and France to the "diggings" of Mesopotamia and the Arabian desert.

The Anglo-Stoic. Like his brothers, Ned was a dedicated ascetic. He never smoked, never touched liquor ("People



THE LAWRENCE BROTHERS®
Honor, rather than fair ladies, was the prize.

great "T. E.", second-born of the five, and Britain's legendary World War I hero in the turbulent Middle East, merely brought to public notice an ideal which belonged to the whole family.

The Digger. Not represented in this collection are letters from the oldest and the youngest of the brothers, both of whom, along with their aged mother, are alive today. The pages that are not taken up by T. E. are shared between

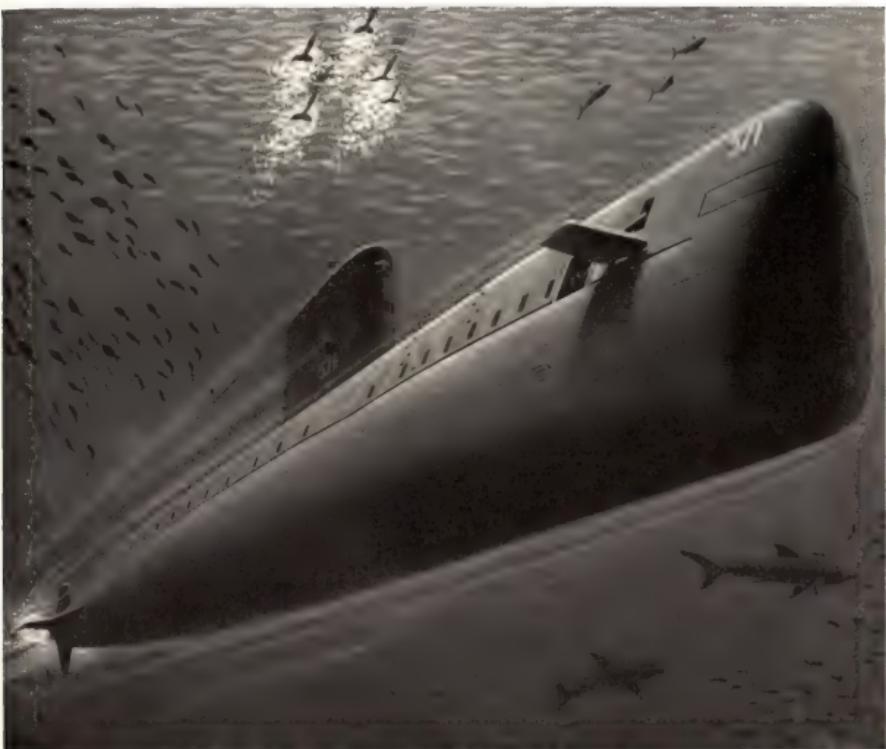
¶ Third brother Will, an Oxford miler who once dreamed that he was "careering about . . . on a great horse . . . engaged in a cavalry duel with sabres with Mr. Winston Churchill." (In those days, Churchill was a Liberal; the Lawrences were Tories to a man.) Will became a teacher in India, joined the Royal Flying Corps at the outbreak of World War I, was killed (at 26) within a week of his arrival in France.

¶ Fourth brother Frank, a mathematician, all-round athlete, footballer and rifle

are asses to drink such stuff"). Even of eating he said: "To escape the humiliation of loading in food would bring one very near the angels." When Brother Frank was killed, Ned rebuked his parents for feeling the "need . . . to go into mourning. I cannot see any cause at all—in any case to die for one's country is a sort of privilege." He even reproached his mother for expecting her sons to tell her how much they loved her. "If you only knew that if one thinks deeply about anything, one would rather die than say anything about it."

It is just this Anglo-Stoic reticence which makes Ned's letters read more like those of an ardent, puttering professor than an inspired leader of men. Hundreds of his early letters contain nothing more exciting than the measurements, in feet and inches, of innumerable loopholes, embrasures and arches, plus detailed

¶ From left: Ned, Frank, Arnold, Bob, Will.



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- Canadian Edition

information about the price of milk and bread and the state of his bicycle ("34 punctures to date . . . in 1,400 miles"). If Ned's letters were the only clue to his identity, readers would think that all he did in World War I was collect stamps for his little brother, meet some amiable sheiks and try to find time to read Aristophanes. He nowhere suggests why he had to put up with the vexation of being decorated and promoted. ("They have now given me a Distinguished Service Order," he wrote with crashing off-handedness. "It's a pity all this good stuff is not sent to someone who would use it! Also apparently I'm a colonel . . .")

After war's end, Ned joined the R.A.F. as "Aircraftsman Shaw," was posted to stations in India. Thousands of pounds poured in from his bestselling *Revolt in the Desert*, but Ned sent most of the profits straight to charity. Ned's chief financial problem was how to answer his fan mail when he could only "afford two rupees [about 70¢] for stamps every week." He noted, with a touch of malicious pleasure, that his modesty made him a thorn in the flesh of his superiors. "The officers steer clear of me, because I make them uncomfortable."

The **Mountain Dweller**. Ned was 46—"too young to be happy doing nothing . . . too old for a fresh start"—when he decided to retire to a country cottage and live out his days on the equivalent of \$10 a week. Said he: "There is nothing that I want to do, and nothing particularly that I am glad to have done." He added bitterly: "Man is not an animal in which intelligence can take much pride." A year later, lying into a skid on his motorcycle, he dashed his brains out against a tree.

It is to idealism such as that of T. E. and his brothers that old men refer when they look back on the vanished world of their youth. But even they would agree that the Lawrence brothers pushed it to a limit where it became almost inhuman—divorced from instinct and passion, too cold for natural affection, almost too good to be true. It gave T. E., says Sir Winston Churchill in a superb preface to the *Home Letters*, "that touch of genius which everyone recognizes and no one can define," but simultaneously it placed its possessor beyond the pale. For, says Churchill:

"The world naturally looks with some awe upon a man who appears unconcernedly indifferent to home, money, comfort, rank, or even power and fame. The world feels not without a certain apprehension, that here is someone outside its jurisdiction; someone before whom its allurements may be spread in vain; someone strangely enfranchised, untamed, untrammeled by convention, moving independently of the ordinary currents of human action: a being readily capable of violent revolt or supreme sacrifice, a man, solitary, austere, to whom existence is no more than a duty, yet a duty to be faithfully discharged. He was indeed a dweller upon the mountain tops where the air is cold, crisp, rarefied, and where the view on clear days commands all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them."

Vintage West

COMSTOCK COMMOTION: THE STORY OF THE TERRITORIAL ENTERPRISE (129 pp.)—Lucius Beebe — Stanford University Press (\$3.50).

Tombstone and Last Chance Gulch were sinful frontier towns, but Virginia City had nothing to be ashamed of—she could hold up her head with the worst. She had been christened with a bottle of whisky, and her intemperate citizens used to ventilate each other with six-shooters until the drafts became unbearable. At Virginia City, on Nevada's silver-veined Comstock Lode, local mishaps and bonanzas were recorded by the *Territorial Enterprise*, as



PUBLISHER BEEBE
SMIRK, SNEER, CONSPIRE, PLOT!"

freewheeling and free-shooting a weekly as the U.S. has known.

In *Comstock Commotion*, Author Lucius Beebe tells the story of the *Territorial Enterprise*, which tells the story of the Comstock. Once an Improper Bostonian, Beebe has long been fascinated with the West. In 1931 he settled down in Virginia City, and soon became publisher of the *Territorial Enterprise* and a full-time Westerner. Now he writes of his new home town with the same purple pen he used to describe Eastern gin-mills for the New York *Herald Tribune*: "The saloons of Virginia City," he rhapsodizes, "then and now the drinkinest community in all the wide, wonderful, boozey world—what profigate enchantments were not latent in the mere roll call of their names, perfumed with intimate association and Old Noble Treble Crown Whiskey! There were Pat Lynch's Place, The Old Magnolia, The Smokery Gentry & Crittenden's, and the Howling Wilderness, a premises which never at any hour of the 24 betrayed the

promise of commotional doings implicit in its name . . .

Yes, We Have No Bonanzas. The *Territorial Enterprise* was launched at Mormon Station in 1858, later settled in Virginia City, where more than 100 saloons and an annual per capita consumption of 22½ gallons of "strong waters," one-third whisky, made it a newspaperman's paradise. The *Enterprise's* first big story was the war between Nevada's settlers and the Piute Indians. Coverage of shootings, stabbings and embezzlements were always homely. Sample news story:

"Friday evening, about dark, a bullet entered the residence of Henry Potter, South H Street . . . It passed through a north window of the kitchen, showering bits of glass upon a paper which Mr. Potter was reading and into the hair of a child he was holding on his lap, then struck an iron pot standing on the stove at which Mrs. Potter was cooking, when it fell flattened into a pan in which a beef-steak was being cooked . . . Where the bullet came from was a mystery, and the Potter family hope that no one is angry at them."

When Nevada became the Union's 36th state, the bonanzas petered out and Virginia City became a ghost town. Its weekly's noblest achievement probably came at news of the Union victory over the South. For three days the *Enterprise* published nothing, not even the victory news. Writes Author Beebe: "Its staff, from owner to the least apprentice, was dissolved in [a] universal sea of whisky . . ."

The Martini Oracle. Today Virginia City and the *Territorial Enterprise* are staging a comeback. The community (pop. 2,450) is up to 17 saloons. The newspaper is Nevada's biggest weekly (circ. 4,900) and proudly bills itself as "Mark Twain's Newspaper" in memory of the two years Twain spent on it as reporter, city editor and publisher. But Twain would hardly recognize his old sheet today with its florid ads for the Stork Club, Rolls-Royces, and Chicago's Pump Room, despite the lavish use of type left over from the Gay Nineties.

Publisher Beebe and Editor Charles Clegg favor unrestricted gambling, frequent sessions with "the oracle of Martini," and the hell with progress. And instead of "printed exhortations to THINK . . . the management of the *Enterprise* [strews] the editorial and business offices with cards advising the staff to SMIRK, SNEER, CONSPIRE, PLOT, DECEIVE, GLOAT, CONNIVE, LEER and DEFAME."

Does the paper carry a message? "When I have a message," says Editor Clegg, quoting Humphrey Bogart, "I send for Western Union."

Three Belles

Love Is Eternal, by Irving Stone (Doubleday; \$3.95), poses a problem: Can a bluegrass belle from Kentucky marry a rude rail splitter from Illinois and find enduring love and happiness in the White House? Author Stone supplies the answers in a 468-page Edgar Guestimate about the love and home life of Abe and Mary

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Todd Lincoln. Following six previous biographical novels, e.g., *Lust for Life* (Painter Van Gogh), *The President's Lady* (Andrew Jackson's wife, Rachel), his latest has the birthmarks of another big best-seller. As Stone's Lincoln steps onstage, he is a feckless, unkempt rube who wolfs his food and says, "Ain't that a caution!" Mary Todd, on the other hand, is "quality folks," with a vocabulary of Basic French (*au revoir, soupçon, carte blanche*). In Stone's version, it is not Lincoln who lifts himself to eminence by his bootstraps, but Mary who raises him with her apron strings. This may make *Love Is Eternal* the ideal woman's home companion, but scarcely good history. In the main, Author Stone rushes about in his chosen role of literary fire warden, stamping out the flame of another great personality.

Rebel Rose, by Ishbel Ross (Harper; \$4), tells the fascinating story of Rose O'Neal Greenhow, a Maryland beauty whose charm helped her into highest Washington society, and whose Dixie devotion landed her in jail as a Confederate spy. Her political mentor was Calhoun. "Wild Rose" picked up such valuable information that President Jefferson Davis and General Robert E. Lee expressed their thanks to her. But Allan Pinkerton, head of the Chicago detective agency, finally caught her with some elementary spy work of his own (he peered through a window of her Washington home, saw a Union officer hand her a map). Placed under house arrest, Rebel Rose managed to continue her espionage by such devices as the smuggling out of messages concealed in pine balls of yarn. Properly jailed in January 1862, she was pardoned six months later and left prison wrapped in a Confederate flag. She finally died for her cause: trying to get to Confederate headquarters with desperately needed gold, she was flung from a rowboat in a heavy sea off Wilmington, N.C., as she tried to make shore from a blockade-runner. Weighted down by the gold she had hidden in her clothes, she drowned.

Cécile Sorel: An Autobiography (Roy: \$3.50) is a romantic rhapsody of author for subject. Actress Sorel played just about everything from flirtatious Mu^{er}lière heroines at the Comédie-Française to a clotheshorse walking down golden stairs amid the nudes at the Casino de Paris. She knew kings (Edward VII), premiers (Clemenceau), dictators (Mussolini), marshals (Foch) and famed writers (d'Annunzio). Charlie Chaplin's gambit at the Paris première of *The Kid* was not unlike that of many others: "I loved you in New York. You were France, Versailles. You conquered America."

"You have conquered Europe, Charlie." "Tell me," he entreated, "if we slipped out, do you think the public would notice?"

Cécile claims to possess the "majesty" and "wildness" of a lioness, and finds it natural to describe herself as "the Victory of Woman of Spring—just Victory." As the applause rained down on her entrances and exits, she wondered: "Was it possible that I was so much loved?" Every reader will know the answer: Yes, by Cécile Sorel.

MISCELLANY

The Slip. In Atlantic City, N.J., Mrs. Mary Clark, 39, pleading guilty to a charge of drunkenness, explained that she followed her dentist's advice and gargled with whisky to deaden the pain. "but some must have spilled down my throat."

Darkened Doorstep. In Miami, Mrs. Lois Brown turned husband Albert in to the police for burglary, explained that he had repeatedly ignored her rule against bringing his stolen loot into their home.

Fish Story. In La Porte, Ind., Louise Cooper, 48, complained to police that she had been abandoned at Clear Lake by her husband and brother after a fishing trip on which she tangled her lines, caught nothing.

Change Partners. In Albuquerque, Ida Gutierrez Trujillo, mother of eight, filed a \$15,000 alienation-of-affections suit against Dance Teacher Elsie Ryan Trujillo, charged that Elsie stole the love of Acuiles Trujillo by her demonstrations of the "hula-hula, hoochy-coochy, mambo and samba."

Dissent. In Phoenix, Ariz., Judge Ralph Barry charged that Fred Q. Reed, angered by the court's community-property settlement between Reed and his former wife, followed him out of the courtroom, crumpled the judge's straw hat, kicked him in the seat of the pants.

Blockade. In Portland, Me., Frank J. Cipriano returned to the hospital that had just released him, reported that he could not get into his apartment because his key had fallen into the cast on his broken leg.

Vigilante. In St. Louis, police booked Willie Smith for burglary despite his plea that he had entered a liquor store after hours only to chase out two thieves.

Command Performance. In Sacramento, the Sutter Sales Co. lost four air-conditioning units to burglars who took literally the store's advertising slogan, "Come in and steal 'em."

Fast Turnover. In Sturgis, Mich., as Mr. and Mrs. Victor Kosloski were signing the papers insuring their household goods, Insurance Agent Fred Kahn dropped his cigarette, set their couch on fire.

... To Do a Man's Job. In Indianapolis, arrested by police, Alonso Burnett explained that the two-foot blackjack in his car was useful for tamping the dirt in flower beds.

Object Lesson. In Norwalk, Conn., City Councilmen Herman Cinque Jr. and William Murray drew up alongside a police car at 3 a.m., delivered a brief lecture on the duties of the constabulary, were promptly arrested for disturbing the peace.



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